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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

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DRILLING THE DARLINGS.

THE ALL-PERVADING STRIKE MANIA ATTACKS THE BEVY OF BUXOM BEAUTIES PLAYING IN "ARCADIA" AT THE BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

THE SEASON OF OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

The baseball season of 1886 has fairly opened, and the contests for the several championships will, until the melancholy days arrive, absorb popular attention to a considerable extent. It is safe to say that the scores of the leading games, as printed in the daily papers, will find more readers than the reports of congressional proceedings, and that the results of the season's play will be awaited with scarcely less interest than the issue of the approaching State elections. The large attendance upon the opening games of the League series shows that the popularity of baseball is not diminishing; on the contrary, its hold upon public favor is evidently stronger than ever, and the prospects for a brilliant and successful season appear to be as flattering as could be desired by the most ardent votaries of the sport.

Baseball and other out-of-door sports bring health, strength and vigor to the players, and are not without corresponding, though lesser, benefits to the lookers-on. The very sight of a hotly contested, skillfully-played game of baseball is a wholesome tonic for the nervous system. If one is too old, or too lazy, or too feeble, or too clumsy to play baseball himself, he will find attendance upon a game—provided, always, it is coupled with a knowledge of its rules and hearty appreciation of good play—the next best thing.

In this and other ways the national game is a useful and beneficial institution; a most invaluable agency of physical culture which is working a great change for the better in the habits and manner of life of Americans, especially in cities. The "professional" nines, who play baseball as a livelihood, constitute but an insignificant fraction of the great army who play it for amusement and exercise. The exploits of the "professionals" fill the sporting columns of the newspapers and keep alive the general interest in the game. In cities, towns and villages all over the country it is the favorite diversion of the small boy, the daily recreation of the lusty and vigorous youth, and the most popular exercise with a multitude of broad-chested, supple-limbed, lithe and agile specimens of early manhood. A great army of American lads are living in the hope and ambition of some day becoming "professional pitchers," etc., at phenomenal salaries, and although few of them, alas! will realize their aspirations, they will find ample compensation in robust physiques and developed muscles for their disappointment.

Could Charles Dickens revisit this country to-day, he would not find the sad-visaged, dyspeptic, hollow-chested, lantern-jawed people who feted and toasted him, in such a solemn way, forty years ago. Could he return a quarter of a century hence, there is reason to believe that he would find a hardy, strong, active people, as fond of the sports of land and water, as expert in the chase, and as daring in the field as his own stalwart countrymen of to-day. The growing popularity of all out-of-door sports and pastimes—of base ball and polo, of swimming and boating, of fishing and hunting and riding—marks a wholesome tendency. Americans, as a people, are no longer so densely absorbed in the worship of Mammon that they can not find time or inclination for recreation. The increasing taste for open-air sports is at once cause and effect of the augmented opportunities for their indulgence. The general drift toward more play and less work; toward fewer hours for business and more for pleasure; toward less time in-doors and more out-doors.

It is because we believe in this golden age that the POLICE GAZETTE strains every sinew, financial, intellectual and artistic to help on the good cause of manly sport. Our columns supply the entire country with the latest news and the best advice, while our illustrations depict exactly as they were visible the vivid and exciting scenes they purport to represent. Next to the real thing, always, comes the POLICE GAZETTE's treatment of it.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Mantell leaves Fanny Davenport's company this season.

Mrs. McKee Rankin is playing "Jack Sheppard" in San Francisco.

Net a theatre east of the Alleghanies made a dollar during Holy Week.

Rose Eyttinge is now the landlady of a fashionable hash house in Brooklyn.

Gowong, a Mohawk Indian actress, is to star in "Only a Farmer's Daughter."

All the cross-road shows announce among the features the reading of "Ostler Joe."

Dud McAdow and his wife, Flora Moore, have separated, and Dud says it is for keeps.

"C. O. D." is the name of George H. Adams' new play. Adams is a native of Cape Cod.

Edward Harrigan's engagement at the Boston Museum is for three weeks, beginning June 14th.

Mr. Pat Rooney proposes to try a starring tour next season in a new piece by Mr. Elliott Barnes.

E. D. Davies ("Are you there, Reilly?") is in Adelaide, Australia, doing well in ventriloquism.

Crypti Palmoni will join Miss Louise Pomeroy for the season. If we only knew who he was!

The gross receipts of the four weeks of Barnum's Circus in New York were \$197,000. So they report.

Gertie Blanchard has left Edwin Arden's company, and gone to her home in Chelsea for needed rest.

Kate Castleton will play next season a new piece called "The Grass Widow," by Mr. J. F. Mitchell.

John Kernell has been seriously ill and is far from well. His trouble is said to be "Bright's Disease."

Joseph Levy is visiting relatives in San Francisco during Mr. Lawrence Barrett's engagement in that city.

If some of our young actors are not careful with their heads swelling, they will have to be packed in ice.

Reports from the West say that the "Ghost" has not walked of late in the Grace Hawthorne Company.

Laura Dainty will star next season in a new play written for her by Howard P. Taylor and Charles T. Dazey.

Lester and Williams could not make the "Parlor Match" go without Jennie Yeamans, and have closed the season.

Tom Whiffin was once a choir boy with Sir Arthur Sullivan in St. Paul's Church and in the Chapel Royal, London.

Manager Chizzola will bring Coquelin, the great French comedian, to America next January for a season of ten weeks.

Miss Dora Goldthwaite will star next season if she can find a play to suit her. Have a fear, Dora, of anything so rash!

James Alliger has been re-engaged as business manager for next season by Oliver Doud Byron. A good engagement.

Miss Calhoun, of the London Haymarket, some fifteen years ago, is a protegee of the wife of Senator Hearst, of California.

The "Little Tycoon" is doing an immense business at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the members of the company are happy.

The tendency to tittle-tattle and back-stairs gossip about the private affairs of actresses is most abominably reprehensible.

The wife and child of the late Robert Filkins are destitute in Chicago. Here is a chance for the friends of the dead manager.

John A. Mackay has just \$2,500 more than he had previous to his late benefit, and everybody is glad that it was a success.

Miles and Barton will manage Lydia Thompson next season. They will have a good support and several new burlesques.

In accordance with the new law of Maryland, all of the female "chair-warmers" have been discharged from the variety theatres.

The latest addition to Oliver Byron's company draws well. It is a sort of carbuncle specialty, and has located on Mr. Byron's neck.

Already it is rumored that Agnes Ethel Tracy, whose husband has left her a fortune of more than a million, is to return to the stage.

New Yorkers are always having trouble of some kind. Now that the strike is about over they have to stand a play called "Wrinkles."

John E. Owens says that "Solon Shingle" is himself again, and that there is no call for friends to send him any more barrels of apple sass.

Mrs. Langtry is being booked for a long season in this country next season. Rumor has it that "Fweddy" will be an appendage of the tour.

Verdi, the composer, has taken five years to one opera, but when it is finished he thinks it will break up all the organ-grinders in the world.

M. B. Curtis ("Sam'l of Posen") recently avoided service in a suit for a bill for printing by locking himself and his properties up over Saturday night.

Rose Bell, who years ago created quite a sensation in "Genevieve de Brabant," at the Fourteenth Street theatre, New York, died recently at Nice.

Mary Anderson is said to be negotiating for the purchase of a stock ranch near North Platte, Neb. She's evidently trying to get rid of Ham Griffin.

Sample copy of the Police Gazette will be mailed to any address in America or Europe on receipt of postal card.

Manager Foster, of the Boston Ideal Opera company, promises to bring forth a new tenor next season, who will astound the world. His name, please?

They have a colored youth in Chicago who has set the town talking over a recent performance of Richard III. He may prove a second Ira Aldridge.

Olive Logan Sykes has come back to visit her relatives. Olive's return recalls the famous reply anent her marriage: "Sykesey, you can take the plug."

The Vokes' season for 1886-87 is being arranged by Aerial Barney. Their success this season has been such as will warrant their return to greater triumphs.

Mme. Modjeska will not go to Europe this summer, as she originally intended. She will recuperate at her ranch, the Old Ladies' Home, near Los Angeles, Cal.

Bernhardt is preparing for another visit to America, so the papers announce. She's a luxury, and will probably blow herself ashore in her own handkerchief.

As long as an actress does her duty to the public, and comports herself in public with decency and decorum, it is "nobody's business" what she may do in private.

S. H. Smith, an old employee of Mapleson's Opera Company, jumped from the window of a train in motion near Denver the other day, while insane, and is expected to die.

Henrietta Sontag is remembered by old opera-goers as one of the most wonderful singers of her time. A tablet is to be placed upon the house in Coblenz where she was born.

Mrs. Thurber should be of good heart, for it is said that there are over six hundred young American females studying music in Italy. Some few of these should prove Patti's.

"Why does Dalzell, of Chicago, persist in calling Rose Coghlan Ross Coughlan?" asks a regular subscriber. Probably the cough, which invariably follows one of the actress' long sustained emotional passages, suggested the name to the News-Letter man.

Miss Leslie Chester, of the Vokes Company, prior to 1885 played in London with an amateur company. Her success as Zeolide in "The Palace of Truth," in July of that year, caused her to go on the professional boards. She is the prettiest of the feminine members of the party.

In Corea, so we are informed by a returned traveler, both men and women wear hats in and out of doors, varying in width from three to six feet. Under the circumstances we are not surprised when we are told that there has not been a theatrical performance in Corea for the last four years.

During the street parade of a minstrel troupe in Detroit recently they suddenly discovered that they were leading a funeral procession, and the lively way in which they got off on a side street, and the numerous cabalistic signs they performed, spoke volumes in proof of the superstitions of the average minstrel.

The late Barney Macauley used to tell a good story of how he was waiting once for the train at Essex Junction, Vermont, when he saw a graveyard not far from the depot very full of graves, and inquired the reason. A Green Mountaineer calmly informed him that it was used to bury passengers in who died while waiting for the train.

The spectacle of a leading man washing and ironing his cuffs and collars, while doing the interior towns, is suggestive of scrupulous nicely or appalling economy. And yet there is quite a little of this thing going on, and in this age of celluloid substitutes, too. The one-night celluloids are really a bit, so far as collars and cuffs are concerned, but the inventors have not yet reached the celluloid handkerchief.

New York will never have so many theatres open during the summer as the present year. The summer will be almost as lively, from a theatrical point of view, as the winter. It is very good news for the actors who hitherto looked forward to the hot days with dread and apprehension. Whether so many theatrical affairs will pay the managers remains to be seen, but it is quite certain that none of them will very readily give way.

George Wilton severs his long connection with J. K. Emmet next season. Nearly all the German dialect comedians have been ungrateful to their managers. George Wilton has probably borne more abuse than any representative of stars in existence to-day, and through it all kept Emmett before the American public as only a devoted employee could. Yet this man he has befriended so nobly shut him out as coolly as if he were one of his dogs.

A well-known actor by the name of Dennis, notorious for his many escapades with women, married a few days ago a beautiful actress, and in the course of events took a stroll around Union Square. Meeting a well-known comedian he introduced the lady as his wife. The actor failed to congratulate them, which puzzled Dennis, who turned to his friend and said: "Fred, why do you not congratulate us? Mollie expects it." "Why should I congratulate Mollie?" responded the actor. "Her name's Dennis."

There have been a good many rumors in theatrical circles of the way in which things have been run at the Edwin Forrest Home, Philadelphia. These gradually came to the ear of Mr. Daniel Dougherty, the only living one of the executors. Mr. Dougherty quietly investigated the matter, and found the superintendent had been running things pretty high. His daughter drew a salary of \$16 per month, and made the inmates wait on her. Those that refused were marked and made as uncomfortable as possible. Mr. Dougherty has taken steps to correct the abuses.

It takes Salvini generally three hours to "make up" for the part of Othello. He is punctual in arriving at the theatre at five o'clock, and before going on the stage personally sees to it himself that everything is ready, notwithstanding the fact that he has both an English and an Italian stage manager, as well as a property man. He spends most of his time with his son Alexander, who, though only playing once or twice a week, draws a large salary. His son, who is now quite a good English scholar, translates nearly all the newspaper criticisms upon his father's acting for Salvini.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

The Anarchist Riots.

Our double page this week admirably illustrates the scenes in Chicago and Milwaukee, in which the police and socialists played such tragic parts.

Carroll's Execution.

A more realistic illustration has never been published than the one we print on another page of a real hanging, from a photograph. The scene is just before the drop act. The country parson is praying with the culprit. The execution took place at Searcy, Ark.

Lives Lost in a Flood.

A water-spout passed down Jacobs Creek, fourteen miles southwest of Emporia, Kan., May 6. B. B. Jacobs, a farmer, saw the storm coming and gathering his wife and two young children and his brother Charles in a wagon, started to flee. They were overtaken by the torrent, which swept away the vehicle and its occupants. Mrs. Jacobs and the younger child were drowned, while Mr. Jacobs nearly perished in endeavoring to save them. The brother saved himself and the older child.

Saved From a Villain.

Annie Clifton, age sixteen, of No. 44 Water avenue, Jersey City, was attacked by a negro the other night and narrowly escaped being brutally outraged. The girl had been in the lower part of the city and walked home through Montgomery street. In a lonely part of the road she heard rapid footsteps behind her. Her pursuer came up with her and she saw that he was a negro. The ruffian seized the girl, and dragging her to the side of the road lifted her over a low stone wall and let her drop. Her screams attracted the attention of Patrick O'Dowd, the conductor, and James Smith, the driver, of a street car. They and several passengers went to the girl's assistance. The negro fled.

A Dash for Liberty.

The prisoners confined in the Cowley county jail, Kansas, made a desperate attempt to escape May 3, about 8:40 o'clock P. M. Deputy Sheriff Tom Herrod opened the jail door to lock the prisoners in their cells, they made a dash at him, armed with stove legs, lumps of coal and every available object that was portable.

A blow on the head knocked Herrod down. Henry Champlin, one of the guards, fired at the crowd and instantly killed W. P. Bennett, who was in jail for counterfeiting. Champlin received a severe blow on the head, which rendered him insensible, and four prisoners succeeded in making their escape. Their names are as follows: Charles Swift, guilty of forgery; James Whitehead, who was found guilty of horsetealing; David Wiggins, guilty of counterfeiting, and Bill Matney, charged with horsetealing.

Hit with Hen Fruit.

About 5 o'clock P. M. on May 3 Mrs. George Harting, wife of a prominent grain dealer of Elwood, Indiana, armed herself with about a peck of the most odorous rotten eggs to be found in the village, and placing herself in ambush waited until Roy Hannah, editor of the Elwood Free Press, passed, when she began peppering him with the ancient hen fruit. Hannah ran, but to no purpose. The eggs pattered on his head, back and shoulders until his entire rear had assumed a crushed pumpkin hue. The trouble grew out of some personal attacks on Mr. Harting through the columns of the Free Press. Harting treating the matter with contempt, his wife took up the cause. The attack of the Free Press on Harting arose from his refusing to support that paper's candidate for Township Trustee. Opinion as to the justification of the act is divided, but as to the fun of the thing there is but one opinion.

A Border Amazon.

Among the noted prisoners brought to Fort Smith a few days ago was the noted Belle Starr, a celebrated character on the border of the Indian Territory. This woman is about thirty-four years old. Her father was a border farmer in Missouri, where she went to school in childhood, and married one of Quantrell's gang. She has since married and lived with border outlaws, several of whom have died with their boots on. Her transient homes were a refuge for this class of riders, whose bravery she admired. She was a sympathizer in their misfortunes, and is said to have been a discreet adviser in their councils. Among her acquaintances of other days were the Younger and James boys. Her present husband is an outlaw named Starr, who has been before this court for horse stealing. Her home is on the Canadian river on the side of a mountain. The river makes a sharp curve around the mountain, and the house is only accessible at one point, and commands a view of every direction. Belle Starr is a Helen McGregor in courage and a Di Vernon on horseback. She is an expert shot with a pistol, and always carries a pair of the best. She grooms her own horses. She carries with her a short and heavy riding-whip, which she flourishes at the too-familiar approach of strangers. Several masked men attacked and robbed a house a few miles from her residence a short time ago. The proprietor of the house testified that one of the robbers was a woman in disguise. This led to her arrest. She was released on bonds for trial, mounted her beautiful horse, and went off on a gallop to her mountain home in the territory.

AWOKE TO FIND HIMSELF AT SEA.

George A. Barrett, one of the most prominent business men of New Hampshire, disappeared about seven weeks ago. At that time he wrote his family from Rutland, Vt., that he was going to Troy, and should return in three or four days. The next day a letter was received from him written at the Astor Hotel, N. Y., saying that he had arrived there safely and that afternoon should leave to go up the river to Troy. After a week had elapsed and nothing had been heard from him his family telegraphed to the principal cities of the country, but heard nothing of him.

May 10th his wife's brother, who lives in Claremont, received a letter from the missing man written at London, England. In it he states he has no recollection of leaving New York. He awoke on a steamer 120 miles out, bound for Liverpool. There was nobody on board with whom he was acquainted, and now he got there he is wholly unable to explain. His money, \$5,000, and baggage were all safe. He will return on the next steamer.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Ida Downs.

The jury which has been listening to testimony for nearly a week in the trial of the Rev. Dr. Bristor at New City, for alleged rape, disagreed Saturday and they were discharged by Judge Charles F. Brown. Lawyer W. F. Howe for the Rev. Dr. Bristor asked Judge Brown if he would entertain a motion to change the place for the Rev. Dr. Bristor's next trial. Judge Brown would not listen to the motion.

The jury were locked in a room for nearly six hours and balloted six times. At the first ballot six jurors were for the Rev. Dr. Bristor's acquittal, five were for conviction, and there was one blank. For the several ballottings following the jurors were eight for acquittal and four for conviction. On the last ballot they stood seven for acquittal and five for conviction. The Rev. Dr. Bristor must stand trial again. Besides this indictment for alleged rape on Dec. 17 or 18, another indictment was found for alleged rape on or about Dec. 10.

Ida Downs went to Bethel, Sullivan county, N. Y., with her brother on Friday night. She was presented with a check for \$60 and \$40 in cash. She will live with her married sister on a farm until she is required to testify again against the Rev. Dr. Bristor.

Mrs. Bristor and five of her friends, members of the Rev. Dr. Bristor's church, sat all day in the court room listening to the Judge's charge and waiting for the jury to appear. The Rev. Dr. Bristor was so excited when the foreman was about to deliver his message that he fairly got among the jurors in his anxiety to catch every syllable. When he learned the verdict he went down to the benches and put his arms around his wife. Lawyer Howe said Dr. Bristor wants either acquittal or conviction.

Pittsburgh's Poor Farm.

An inquest was held the other afternoon by Squire J. G. Offner, of Homestead, near Pittsburgh, Pa., upon the body of Ernest Bechter, who was murdered at the city poor farm on Thursday afternoon, and the testimony adduced was rather peculiar in some respects. The jury was impaneled from residents of the borough and began their sitting in the office of Superintendent McCarthy at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Superintendent McCarthy was the first witness called. He testified that on Friday afternoon about 5 o'clock he saw a naked man at one of the windows and went up to investigate; a patient named Weinberg, who, Mr. McCarthy said, was at times quite violent, had thrown something out of the window and torn his clothes off in the morning, so he went to his cell first, expecting to find that he was the naked man; this proved to be erroneous and he then made a round of the ward; coming to the cell occupied by Martin Dollard, he found it locked and got Keeper W. J. Blaine to open it. "Dollard had an antipathy toward me," said Mr. McCarthy, "so I didn't go into the cell, but when I looked in I saw a body, entirely motionless and entirely naked, and Dollard was also entirely naked. Bechter did not belong in that room and I don't know how he got in there. The door must have been open, though Dollard's room is usually kept closed. As soon as I saw the body I went down stairs and got the doctor. The door was locked and Dollard was in the room with Bechter's body, the face of which was bloody. I do not know of any weapons having been found in the room, and there was no disturbance, though Dollard was always violent."

Keeper Blaine, when put on the stand, testified: "The superintendent called in the afternoon and wanted to know who that naked man was at the window. We made a round and I found the body of Bechter entirely naked and Dollard was also naked. It is my duty to be in the ward all the time. I sleep there. I can't tell how Bechter got in Dollard's room. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, who went around pretty much where he pleased in the ward. I think Dollard had struck him and knocked him senseless, and that was the reason why I heard no noise. Then I was engaged with another patient who was quite noisy. Dollard is usually bound with a straight jacket, but he had torn off every portion of the jacket and thrown it out of the window. We keep the violent insane in separate cells. I can't imagine how Bechter got in the cell, unless in his wandering around he picked the lock and went in, or Dollard picked it and dragged Bechter in. About 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon I saw Bechter in the ward to which he belonged. I was then fixing a strap around his waist to hold his pants up. Dollard is an extremely violent man, and we have been keeping him locked up all the time until the superintendent came around, though he might have been in and out of the cell a dozen times and I not notice him. I did not see any one use violence toward him, and I did not see any club or weapon in Dollard's cell. I am satisfied from the character of the man that Dollard killed him by using his fists, and

jumping upon him. A man named Weinberg has been violent at times, and he was making considerable noise in the afternoon, which required me to go to him. I have no idea where Bechter was all the afternoon, but I think he was around in the ward."

Dr. Walter Stengel, the physician employed at the city farm, was the next witness. He said: "About 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon the superintendent came to me and told me two men were in the same cell, one of whom was known to be violent. I went up with the superintendent and found Bechter lying on the floor, his face bloody and eyes blackened. Dollard is a much larger man than Bechter. Every particle of clothing and everything was thrown out of the window but the bedstead. I can't say how Bechter got in the cell, but I have an idea that he wandered in. I usually go up in the ward twice a day. Dollard's cell is usually closed, but it is sometimes left open; not, however, unless Dollard is confined in some way. I was up in the ward yesterday afternoon, but I think the door was closed. No one but the keeper, superintendent or I have a key to the cells. The cells, however, can be opened without a key. I never knew of Bechter having opened a cell. No one is allowed in the wards but the keepers."

Keeper Hawkins was placed on the stand next and said:

"I first became aware of the killing about half-past five or six o'clock in the evening. I was on duty at the same time as Keeper Blaine, but was engaged in feeding the men. Dollard's cell door was never open when I was there. It was locked. I gave Dollard his dinner and locked the door. I never used a key. I opened the door with the blade of a pocket knife. I believe the door could be opened by a man who had a strong finger nail, as there is three-eighths of an inch space between the door and the frame. None of the



Opening the cell.

patients are allowed to have knives. We take up dinner to a patient. There may be a bowl of soup with a spoon on a plate and we leave these with him. The patient is strapped usually, but he has use enough of his arms to raise his hands to his mouth, and can walk around as he has free use of his limbs. I left a bowl of soup with a spoon and plate or some other articles in Dollard's cell and locked him up. When I was called up in the evening with the superintendent, I found the body of Bechter lying across the doorway, inside Dollard's cell with the head next to the bed, while Dollard stood back of body between it and the window. Both were stark naked and Dollard had thrown everything in the cell out of the window."

Squire Offner adjourned the inquest at this point until 6 o'clock in the evening, when the jury assembled at his office in Homestead and resumed the taking of testimony. The jury went up to the ward where Dollard was confined. His cell door was opened by the keeper with the blade of a penknife, and Dollard, who was lying on the bed, jumped up. His wrists were fastened with new leather wristlets and confined to the side of his body. He is a powerfully-built man, with a full, shaggy beard and a rather mild expression. He did not manifest any desire to do harm to any of the visitors, but all seemed chary of entering his cell. In one spot on the floor, between the foot of the iron bedstead and the wall was plainly observable a crimson stain, where Bechter's head was lying when he was found, but from an outside inspection no other evidences of violence were visible. One of the keepers went inside and was locked in. He opened the door to show that it could be opened from the inside, although this was supposed to be impossible, as one of the witnesses testified later that he always put a piece of carpet in the doorway of a cell on entering it, to



Putting on the straight jacket.

prevent any of the patients from pushing the door, as a key would not open the door from the inside. While the jury were inspecting the remains of Bechter prior to commencing the inquest, two daughters of the murdered man, young ladies of about twenty years of age, who live on the South Side, entered the under-keeper's rooms at the farm, where the corpse was stretched



Throwing his clothes out of the window.

out, and their lamentations were extremely painful to all who were within earshot of the building.

The jury had expressed a desire to see the straps with which Dollard was alleged to have been fastened, and in the evening keepers Hawkins and Blaine produced two straps with wristlets. One of these, they alleged, had been used to pinion the arms of Dollard, while the other confined his legs, although in the morning Hawkins had sworn that Dollard had free use of his legs. One of these straps was broken in two at what had apparently been a joint. This strap both Hawkins and Blaine swore had been fastened around Dollard's legs. The ends of one piece of strap showed that the thread had been battered down and was not a clean cut or break, while two rusty-looking tacks were protruding from it. These, the keepers said, were what fastened the two pieces together. The other piece of strap did not look as if it had been severed recently or the thread pulled out of it within the past forty-eight hours. The wristlets and strap which both keepers said confined the arms of Dollard were produced, and the strap which was supposed to have had a patent buckle in it was found to have no buckle. This was explained by Keeper Blaine, who said that Dollard had evidently torn the buckle out and picked every thread out, as there was not a thread in the piece of strap which could have fastened a buckle, nor any evidence that the buckle had been there beyond the fact that a hole in the leather might have been the place where a buckle had been, and the leather was folded back, as though to fasten a buckle.

A BETRAYED ORPHAN DRIVEN FROM HOME.

About six months ago Annie Achinson, a beautiful and intelligent girl of eighteen years, gave birth to an illegitimate baby in East Brady, Pa. The girl was a favorite with everybody and she had the sincere sympathy of all her acquaintances in her misfortune. Annie's family has been singularly unfortunate; a few years ago her only brother was drowned. Some time



In the dead house.

after this sad occurrence her mother went into the cellar with a lamp in her hand, and falling, the lamp set her clothing on fire, and she was so badly burned that she died in a few hours. At the same time the house, which belonged to her father, was totally destroyed with all its contents. Her father, a stone mason and contractor, last summer took a contract to rebuild the piers for the new iron bridge across the river, but owing to continued high water he became discouraged, took sick, and died in a few days, leaving Annie and her younger sister orphans alone in the world, with no one to protect them but their step-mother, Mr. Achinson having married after the death of his first wife. A year or more ago Annie went to live with a relative of her step-mother at New Bethlehem, Clarion county, Pa., and it was while there that she met her seducer, who is said to be a wealthy married man and father of a family. The constable returned the birth of the child to court, and the next day Annie's step-mother bundled her and her baby off on the cars, rumor says to the city of Pittsburgh. It is said her seducer's wife frequently left Annie at home to keep house with her unprincipled husband, while she, his wife, visited at Chautauque lake and other places for days at a time. Some months ago, it is alleged, Annie wanted to swear to the paternity of the child, but for some reason it was never done. Thus has another victim of man's brutal lust started, perhaps, on the downward road that leads to worse than death.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

IN NIGHT SWEATS AND PROSTRATION.

DR. R. STUBBALTER, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration and in night sweats, with very good results."

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Chief of Police Robinson's strong face illuminates the head of this column. He is the principal protector of Walla Walla City, W. T., where he enjoys the high respect of all good citizens, who admire him for his firm manner of treating all crooks and outlaws who come within his grasp.

Herr Most.

This leading socialist is wanted by the police of this city. He is a general peace disturber, and is one of the cranks who love revolution and other wild affairs.

The New York Fire Department Nine.

The handsome young men who won the amateur baseball championship of New York State for the New York Fire Department are portrayed on another page.

August Spies.

Spies is the man who is accused of being one of the leaders of the Chicago mob which has caused so much trouble these last few days in that city. He is under arrest charged with murder.

George W. Carroll.

Last week this young man was hanged at Searcy, Arkansas, for the murder of his wife on the 2d of February, 1885, at their home near Clay, White county, Ark. A few days before his execution he made a desperate break for liberty, but was recaptured. He made a full confession of his crime the day before he died.

Charles McAndless.

Patrolman Libby, of East Boston, made an important and strange arrest the other day when he captured McAndless, a Farmington, N. H., on a charge of the larceny of \$500 from James Littlejohn, a boarder at his mother's house on Summer street. The theft took place in September last, and McAndless has eluded the officers ever since. A remarkable feature of the case is that McAndless is totally blind, yet he managed to get away and stay for a period of six months. He was finally apprehended at the Mechanic Hotel in Farmington. After leaving Boston, McAndless went to Lowell, thence to Dover, Great Falls and Farmington. Another charge to be pushed against McAndless before the Grand Jury is that of arson. It is alleged that he set fire to his mother's house on the forenoon of the larceny, as a means to accomplish the theft. He has been arrested before in East Boston for larceny. He is an upholsterer. His eyesight was destroyed by an accident when he was a boy.

THE WAY TO ENJOY LIFE.

The steamer yacht "C. O.," from Cincinnati, bound to St. Paul and St. Anthony's Falls, under command of her owner, Judge Longworth, was at the Cincinnati wharf for an hour or two the other day. Her dimensions are 82 feet over all, 16-foot beam, 28 across deck, and is fitted with accommodations for four inside and eight outside staterooms, built upon the principle of sleeping-car berths. Everything about the jaunty little craft is up to the Government inspection and standard, while the conveniences and improvements are up to the most modern and perfect kind. It is scarcely big enough to be termed a "man-of-war," but there is a neat little cannon aboard and a full armory of rifles, shot guns and revolvers, and for its flimsy enemies the not less deadly rod and fly. A very complete set of photographic instruments is also stowed away, with which to capture and hold forever the scenes of striking interest encountered in the voyage. In a word, the "C. O." and its jolly, dauntless crew are prepared to do battle with the fish and game, catch-as-catch-can, and has letters of marque for six weeks, or during the war.

SHOT HIS WIFE'S ALLEGED BETRAYER.

Late on the night of May 9 Patrick H. Garvey, a bartender at Baldwin's Hotel, Binghamton, N. Y., was shot by Daniel D. Monihan. For some time rumors had been in circulation concerning the relations of Maggie, the wife of Monihan, with Garvey. The pistol used was a Smith & Wesson 32-caliber, all the chambers of which were emptied, every bullet taking effect. One bullet pierced Garvey's right arm, another his right hand, the third his left arm, the fourth entered his back, while the last imbedded itself in his abdomen. Garvey died May 10. Mrs. Monihan is about forty years of age, with a family of five children. Garvey was about thirty years old, a widower with two children. Monihan had been jealous of his wife for some time. Garvey ran seven or eight rods after he was shot, and when found he was leaning with his hands on a fence in the yard of John Murray. Murray heard the firing and opened the door, where he found Garvey almost exhausted. The wounded man said, "He shot me." Subsequently Monihan surrendered himself. Garvey made no ante-mortem statement.



CARRIE SWAIN.

THE CLEVER AND VERSATILE YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO CAN THROW A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT AND SING LIKE A MOCKING BIRD.



ROBERT C. HILLIARD.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG BROKER-MANAGER OF BROOKLYN WHO HAS SUCCEEDED HARRY MONTAGUE IN THE AFFECTIONS OF STAGE-STRUCK WOMAN-KIND.

Carrie Swain.

The cleverest rough-and-tumble actress on the American stage is capably portrayed on this page.

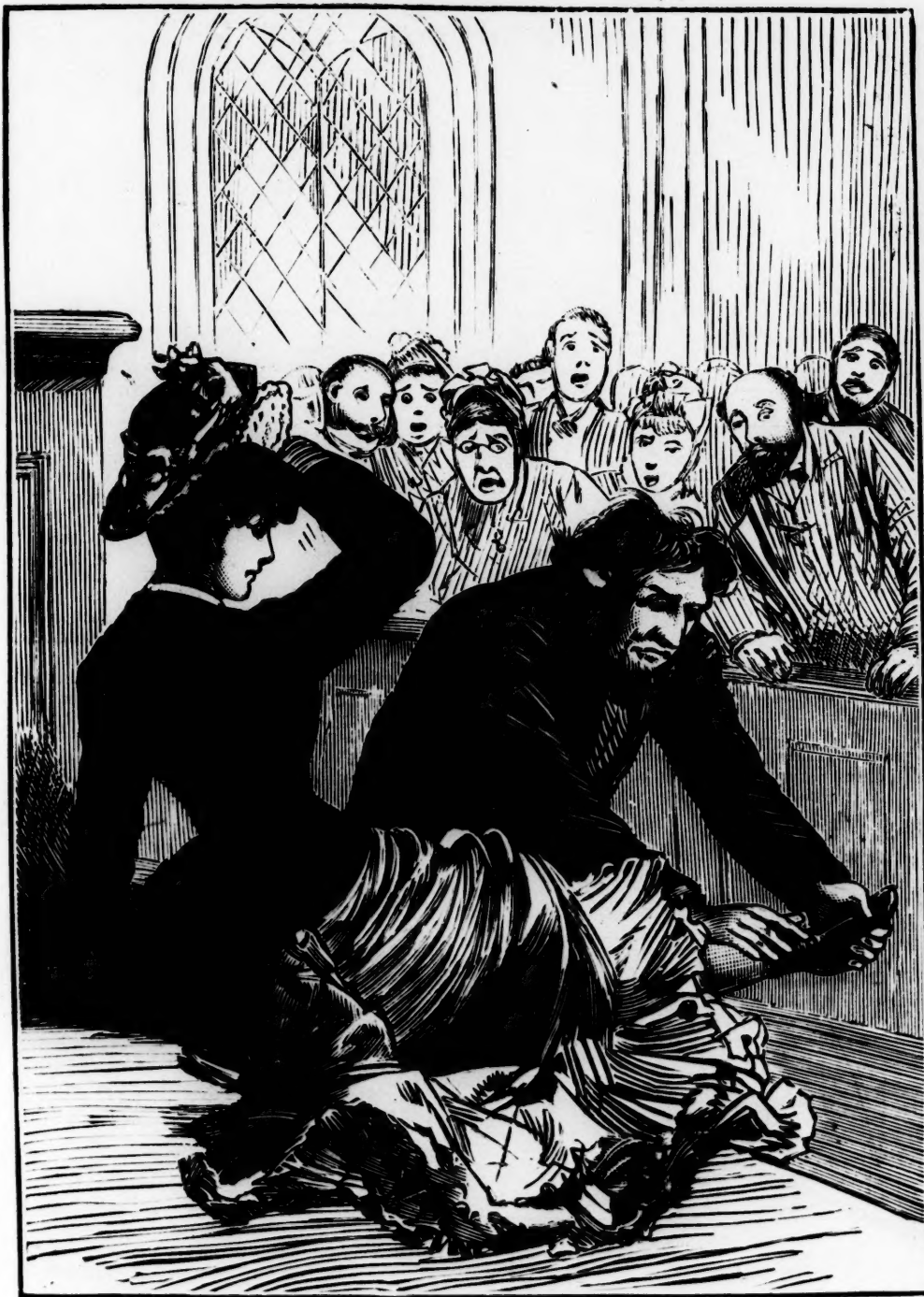
M. B. Leavitt.

The *Dramatic Times* says: "Though M. B. Leavitt is unquestionably suffering from brain trouble at his quiet retreat at Lakewood, N. J., he still possesses very lucid moments, during which he does business with all his old ability. He wants to go to Europe this summer, but it

is doubtful if he could stand the excitement of removal. The opinion of those who see him is that he will go the same way as John McLaughlin. Dr. Loomis, who attends him, says there is a slight chance of his recovery, and we hope this chance may occur."

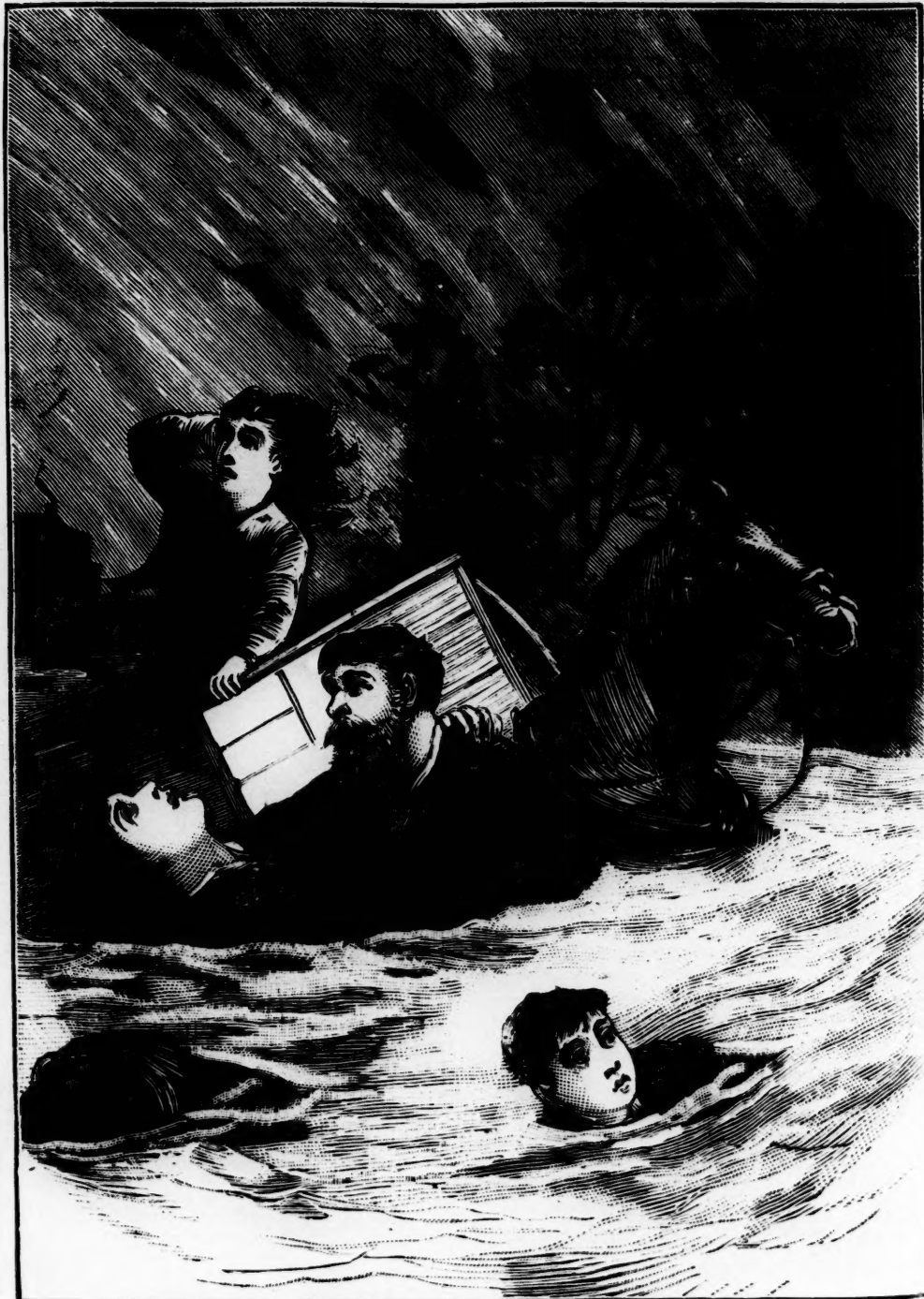
Robert C. Hilliard.

This week our actor's portrait is that of Mr. Robert C. Hilliard, the handsome young broker who has taken to the stage, and who is now manager of the Criterion theatre, Brooklyn.



TRYING HER FAITH.

PARSON KNOTT OF RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WITNESSES THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF A HEALING PREACHER AND A BEAUTIFUL MEMBER OF HIS CONGREGATION.



LIVES LOST IN A FLOOD.

MRS. JACOB AND HER CHILD WHILE FLYING FROM A WATER SPOUT, NEAR EMPORIA, KANSAS, ARE OVERTAKEN BY THE TORRENT AND DROWNED.



GEORGE W. CARROLL,
THE SELF-CONFESSED WIFE MURDERER HANG-
ED AT SEARCY, ARK., LAST WEEK.



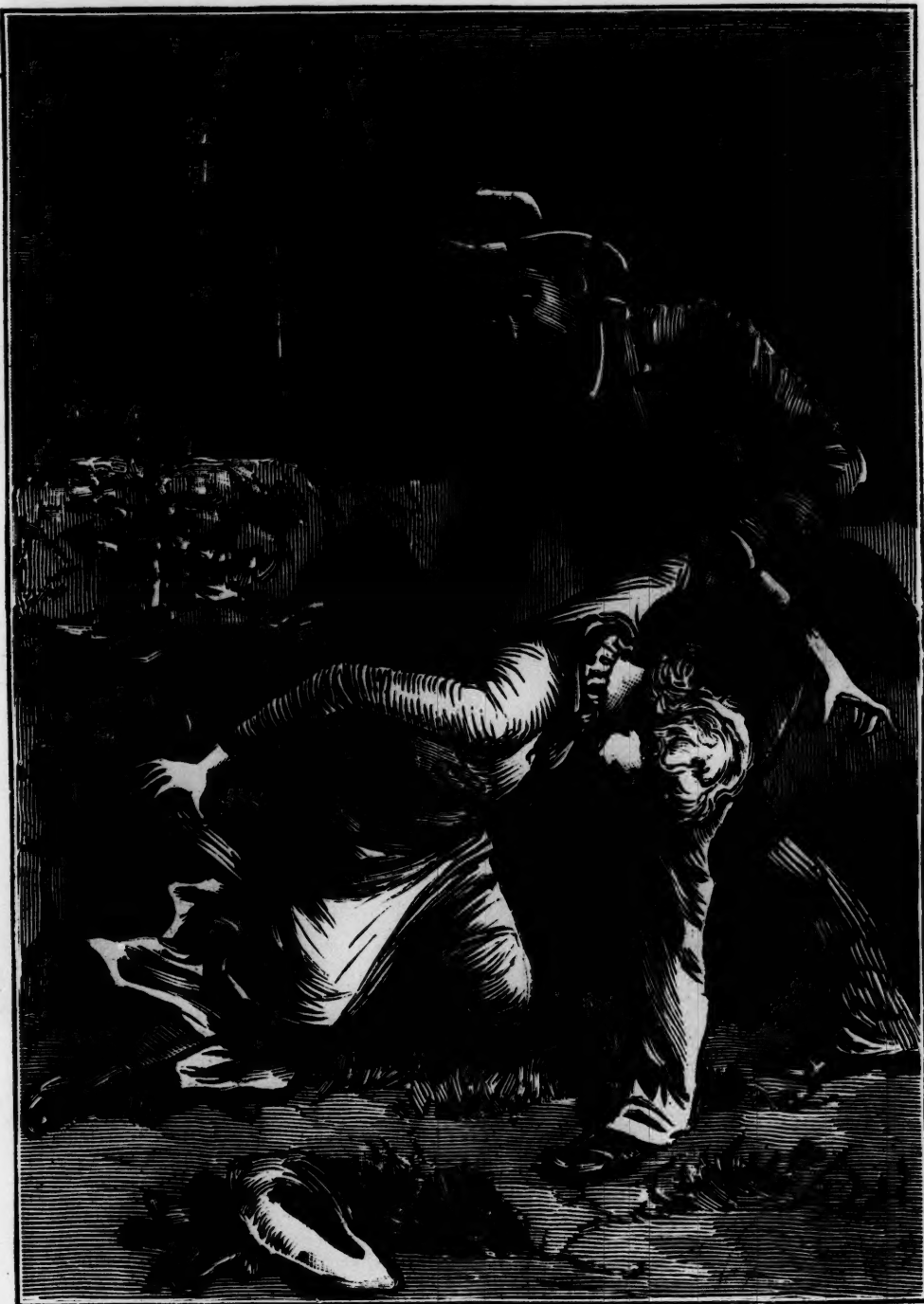
CHARLES McANDLESS,
THE BLIND CROOK RECENTLY ARRESTED FOR
ARSON AND ROBBERY, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



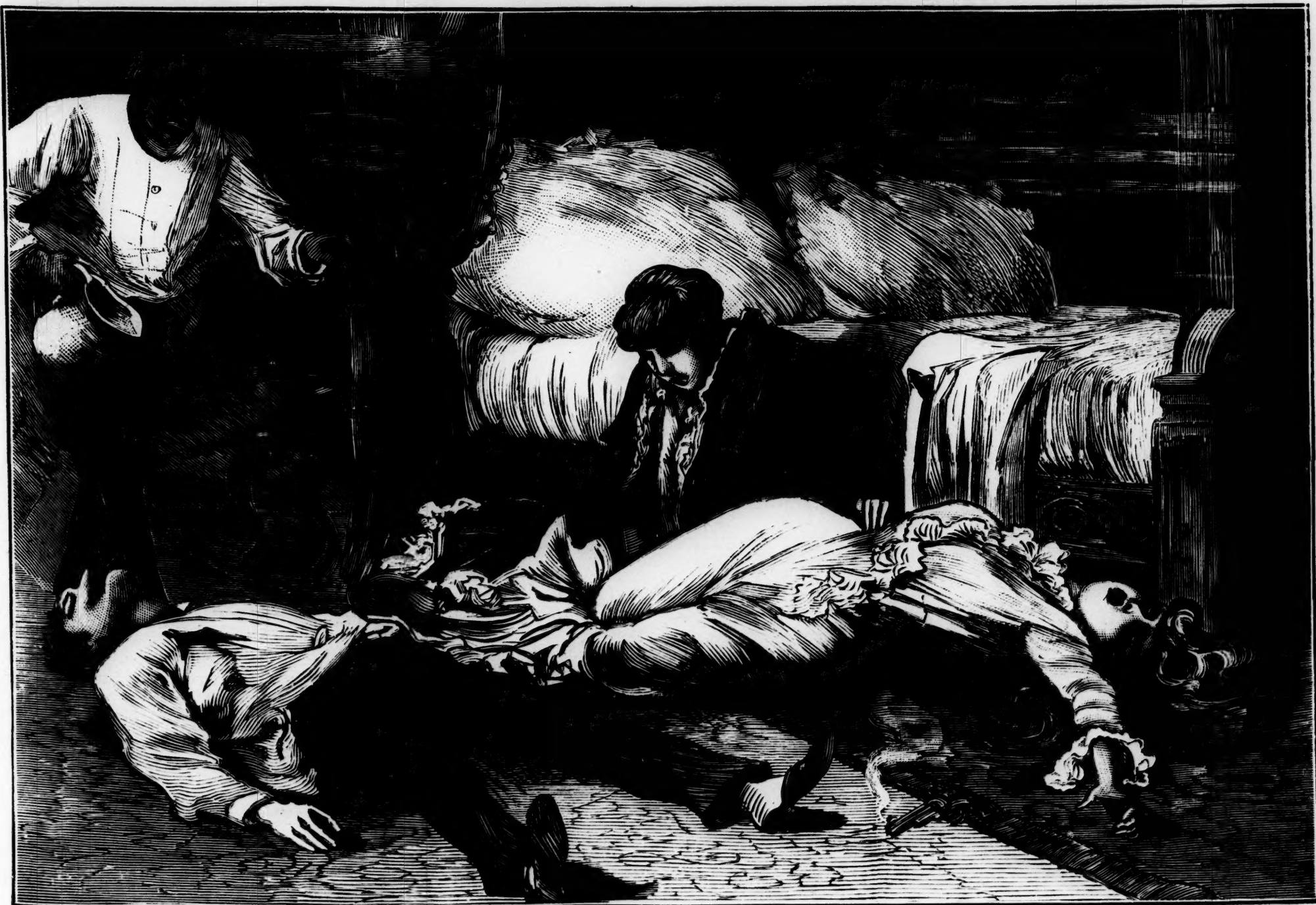
HERR MOST,
THE NEW YORK SOCIALISTIC EDITOR WANTED
BY THE POLICE OF THIS CITY.



AUGUST SPIES,
THE CHICAGO SOCIALIST LEADER ARRESTED FOR
INFLAMMATORY SPEECHES TO THE RIOTERS.



SAVED FROM A VILLAIN,
HOW PRETTY LITTLE ANNIE CLIFTON OF JERSEY CITY WAS RESCUED BY A CAR DRIVER AND
CONDUCTOR FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A NEGRO FIEND.



SHE WAS CRAZY JEALOUS.

MRS. BELLE FERNANDEZ, THE PRETTY WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN, KILLS HER HUSBAND AND HERSELF AT HAWTHORNE, N. J.

FANNY LEAR.

The Wonderful Career of a Brilliant American Adventuress in Three European Capitals.

SHE GATHERED THEM IN.

The announcement of the death at Nice of Fanny Lear, otherwise known as Mattie Blackford, is the talk of Philadelphia club men. The story of her remarkable career, embracing not only America, but the capital cities of Russia, France, and Italy, is of more than ordinary interest. She was known to thousands in Philadelphia.

Up to the time of her marriage Mattie Ely, which was her true name, had nothing more to her detriment than the vanity, ambition, and wilfulness that are so often accompaniments of such great beauty as she undoubtedly possessed. Her father, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely—named after his natural grandfather, who was Chaplain to Congress—succeeded the Rev. Dr. Alexander as pastor of the old Third Presbyterian Church, at Fourth and Pine streets, and became the most prominent minister of the denomination in Philadelphia, and one of the most prominent in the United States. He was of Puritan stock, and both his father and grandfather on both paternal and maternal sides were ministers. Dr. Ely was born in 1786, in Connecticut, and educated at Yale, where he was graduated with honor. For many years before he came to Philadelphia he was city missionary in New



Miss Fanny Lear.

York, and it was while there that he began the publication in London of *Ely's Journal*, which became quite famous. Mrs. Ely was the daughter of Samuel Carswell. He died leaving an immense fortune, part of which she inherited and some of which went to building a house. This house, which is still standing on Second street, between Spruce and Walnut, with an iron gate and a wall in front of it, was at that time the finest house in what was then the court end of the city. Dr. Ely had several children by this marriage. He went into an enterprise for building theological colleges which wrecked his wife's fortunes. After her death he married Caroline Holmes, daughter of a prominent Virginian. His children were opposed to the marriage, and none of them ever saw Fanny Lear, a daughter of the second marriage.

After Dr. Ely's death, while his widow was traveling in Virginia, Mattie, then 16 and very beautiful, accidentally met with a young man named Blackford, who was employed as a freight clerk in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad office at Parkersburg, Va. From a casual meeting on the train she fell in love with him. He followed her, and a week afterward, while the mother and daughter were on the way to Philadelphia, Mattie left the train on the pretext of going to buy a sandwich, and allowed her mother to go on alone. Joining Blackford, they drove to a clergyman's house and were married. Within a year her husband began to go to the bad. Whether she had anything to do with it is not known. He became addicted to drink, and their life was unhappy. She became gloomy for a while, and then gay. A well-known resident of Philadelphia relates a strange incident concerning her at this time. The war had just begun, and he was on the steamer *Wild Wagoner*, going down the Ohio to Cincinnati, when his attention was attracted by a brilliant party of young women. He was surprised when the captain came to him and said that Mrs. Blackford, the most beautiful of the party, said she was an old friend, and desired to meet him. After puzzling him for a while she told him she was Mattie Ely. This



She falls in love.

gentleman, who was a man of high character and older than she, had been a friend of her father's, a member of his church, and had often petted and played with her as a child. Late that night he was aroused by a knock at the stateroom door, and, opening it, found Mrs. Blackford, utterly unlike her former self. Her hair was loose and her appearance extraordinary. She told him she was about to commit suicide by

throwing herself from the boat, and in a wild way said that by her rash act and unfortunate marriage she had wrecked her life and wished to end it. His kindness and counsel prevailed upon her to return to her room and to overcome her excitement. Afterward on several occasions this old friend of her father's tried to set her straight, but this evening undoubtedly marked a turning point in her career. Her husband died,



The grand duke asserts himself.

Many conflicting stories of his death exist, and it is hard to tell how it was caused. Some blamed his wife, but he was at this time a wreck physically, and it seems most probable that he committed suicide.

Just after the war the widow came to Philadelphia with her child and began to attract much attention. For some time she was employed in the mint. Her first unpleasant notoriety was one summer at Long Branch, where she cut a great figure and was much talked about. Then she came to Philadelphia and began to be socially ostracized. Her name was associated with the famous man-about-town, John Tobias, who afterward married "Lissy" Elliott. On one



She knocks at the stateroom door.

occasion she said: "John, you are the most notorious man in Philadelphia, and I am the most notorious woman, and I think we owe it to society to get married." At one time she seriously meditated this step.

Some time after this she began to figure unpleasantly in the courts, and was spoken of as a blackmailer. She brought a suit for breach of promise against a now well-known Philadelphia artist, and although sympathy was on his side, she secured a verdict of \$5,000. Then she endeavored to wreck the domestic peace of her counsel, who was one of the most eminent lawyers in Philadelphia. It is claimed she entrapped him in an unfortunate position, and secured a large sum of money from him. Then she furnished a house on Rittenhouse street, and not only became a noxious character herself and helped ruin many men, but was instrumental in seriously damaging the reputation of a number of prominent women. Her house was the resort of the most fashionable club men. There is a prominent city official, now in office, who, on one occasion while at her house, discovered that under a delusion a lovely and estimable lady was about to be entrapped in her house. At the door he stopped her and saved her. About this time there was another case in which the woman was paid a large sum by a resident, now prominent in the Philadelphia Club, rather than have his name publicly associated with her's. Her escapades were many, but finally she was threatened with prosecution, and, leaving here, she started upon her foreign career.

Driven from this country, she went to Paris. For a time she lived in poverty and under revolting circumstances. Then, pushing on to St. Petersburg, she began the career that has made her famous in its way. It was in the winter of 1871 that she met the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, a cousin of the present Czar. He fell violently in love with the beautiful

American adventuress. He was a man of violent passion, and their quarrels became public property. He occasionally beat her, and one night in a violent fit of jealousy he blackened her eyes. She was on the point of claiming the protection of United States Minister Jewell when the scandal arrived at the culminating point. She had stolen the priceless diamonds of the Grand Duke's mother, and when the



theft was discovered there was a forcible separation. He was ordered from the gay capital to a life of stupidity in the interior, while the beautiful adventuress was ordered to leave Russia. Returning to Paris, she played a far different role than that in which she had left it. She had money accumulated through her liaison with the Grand Duke. She set up a gorgeous establishment and rolled through the boulevards behind liveried coachmen and attendants. But she thirsted for more notoriety, and in 1875 she called in assistance, and wrote the book which was the sensation of all European capitals. Under the title of "Le Roman d'une Americaine en Russie," she sold the story of her career with Nicholas. The characters were only thinly veiled, and in the "G. D." no one was so stupid that he could not read the Grand Duke. The attempts of the police to suppress the book only added to her notoriety. The result was a demand from St. Petersburg that she should be driven from Paris, and the edict was issued.

The sale of her handsome furniture, following upon the heels of the banishment, added to the excitement. The drawing room furniture was covered with black satin, relieved with puffings of pink. Her dining room chairs were in crimson morocco, stamped on the back with her monogram in gold. Her glass and china were also very elegant, but a good deal abused and chipped. One of the objects that attracted the most attention was a long, high bookcase in fine marqueterie, containing a number of elegantly bound volumes. The busts and portraits of the royal family of Russia were included in the sale, as was also the furniture of the celebrated "Weeping Chamber," all hung with black velvet sprinkled with silver tears, wherein the art mementoes of the most noted passages in the woman's career were placed. A large part of her wardrobe was also disposed of, including a splendid Chinese embroidered opera cloak, which had been well known at the Mabile and in the Bois.

The adventuress was still too prolific in charms to remain crushed. From Paris she tried her fortune in Italy, and made an alliance with Count de Mirafiori, the morganatic son of Victor Emmanuel. Where this new alliance would have led had not the Count's mother, the Countess Rosina, interfered, it would be hard to tell. The Count was threatened with an order to join his regiment, and the police were directed to drive his enslaver from Italy. She stormed, out



The sensation of Long Branch.

finally consented to go upon a promise that all the debts she had contracted would be settled. The Grand Duke Nicholas had presented her with heirlooms and



Saved at the door.

portraits, and upon the condition that she should surrender all these possessions, together with the Grand Duke's letters, she was allowed to return to Paris. But her sensational career was run. She lived quietly, and dropped out of public sight.

A writer who saw her in St. Petersburg has described her as follows:

One night in the winter of 1871 there was a masked ball at the Opera House of St. Petersburg. Among the company present was an American girl of extraordinary beauty. She had dark hair in great profusion, and an imperial sort of forehead—broad, open and white as ivory. Her dark eyes flashed under her long lashes like diamonds, and were all aglow with wit and kindness. The nose was firm, yet of that delicate aquiline which denotes resolution and courage. The mouth was wondrously full and soft, the upper lip small and formed like a bow. Her teeth were as living pearls, and her complexion dazzlingly fair. Little feet, small hands and taper fingers, a figure such as a fairy might envy—such is the description of the American beauty who on that night stole the heart of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

REHEARSING A BURLESQUE.

In rehearsing a burlesque the principals are permitted considerable latitude, particularly if they are clever, but the chorus people are treated like so much putty, to be shaped by the hands of a stage manager. The minutest gestures are done by rote and rule, for it is essential that there shall be uniformity of motion. "Third girl from the left," the instructor blurts out, savagely. "Smile, smile! Why in thunder don't you



The rage in Paris.

smile, as I have told you forty times?" The girl smiles obediently. "There, there!" is his next exclamation. "hands down—not at your waists, like Dutch peasants."

The pupils get red with resentment sometimes, but he is loud and obdurate; his language goes beyond mere emphasis into positive profanity when he loses his temper over some stupid creature; and the adoring dude would be paralyzed to see the rudeness of usage to which his angel of the footlights is subjected at rehearsal. He would marvel why she didn't spread her soft wings and fly heavenward away from such outrageous worldliness. In a recent instance a squad of chorus girls was composed of five novices. They were young and pretty, and had been hired for those slightly qualities only, since they had nothing more difficult to do than "figure in an Amazon march. They were marched, countermarched and posed industriously for ten minutes. "They are the jackknives," said the director. "And why so singularly named?" was asked. "Because they are prone to shut up on themselves," was the reply; "they are new to that sort of costume, you understand, and their impulse is to bend forward at an angle—a feminine characteristic, under such circumstances maybe, but not picturesque on the stage. They are being cured of that fault. You've heard of the fond mother who made her boy's first pair of trousers without slack, the consequence being that whenever he bent forward to go down stairs he was pushed suddenly heels overhead? Well, these girls are not overturned when they try to stoop, but their costumes are so made as to admonish them to remain upright. Oh, art is exacting, you know, and her devotees must submit to severe training."

By way of discipline the Metropolitan Club management had Steve Brady off May 3, when the Mets played the Baltimore. This is like cutting your nose off to spite your face. They deprived themselves of one of their very best batsmen by way of discipline. Well, that is rich. Brady gets a day's rest and the club loses the game. What was the matter with fining him if he committed any offence? Imagine the New Yorks laying off one of their leading men as a matter of discipline. It looks to us as though the discipline was needed pretty badly on the other end of the string.

SHOT BY A BURGLAR.

A Desperate Fight in the Dark Near Englewood, N. J., Between George Coe and a Mysterious Thief.

A GALLANT AND FATAL DEED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George and Louis Coe, brothers, live in an Eastlake cottage with pretty surroundings on Tea Neck Ridge, a spur of hills about one mile from Englewood, N. J. On Wednesday night they called at the home of Mr. W. A. Chapman, who lives three-quarters of a mile north on the Tea Neck road. When half way there they reached the Tea Neck schoolhouse, which stands on the west side of the road. It is a white, two-story frame building, with a cupola. The down stairs is used for a day school, and the up stairs for a Sunday school. The Sunday school library is in the day school room. As the brothers were passing the school house they saw the flash of a match that had just been lighted on the lower floor. They thought it strange that any one should be in there so late at night, and going closer they peered in through one of the side windows. They saw a man standing at the teacher's desk on the platform. He was placing books on a strip of carpet before him on the floor. They knew him to be a burglar, and ran quickly to Jacob Brinkerhoff's house, a little distance away, for help. Mr. Brinkerhoff returned with the Coe boys to the school house. They found one of the two front doors open. It had been forced. George Coe stepped in, walked through the short hallway, and opened the school room door. He said to the burglar:

"What are you doing here?"

The man did not answer, but coolly blazed away at his disturber with a big revolver. The bullet lodged in the door jam, uncomfortably near George Coe's head.

"Look out!" Coe's brother and Mr. Brinkerhoff called. George pulled the door in front of him just as the burglar fired a second time. His aim was wild, and George still had the door far enough open to see the man slip to the rear window of the room on the same side that he had entered. He shouted to his brother and Mr. Brinkerhoff to catch the thief when he got out of the window. Brinkerhoff ran, as he says, to get a revolver. George ran around one side of the school house and Louis the other. George got to the rear just as the burglar was ready to jump from the window, six feet to the ground. His revolver was in his hand, and he fired again, hitting George over the right eye, and then sprang down. George, not minding his wound, grappled with the thief and got him on the ground with himself on top. In this position the burglar, who still retained the pistol, placed it against George's abdomen and fired.

Even in his now fearfully injured condition plucky George Coe still grappled with his antagonist, and wrenched the pistol from him. But he was too weak to use it. Louis Coe arrived at this time and pounced upon the burglar. In their scuffle they got away about thirty feet from the school house. George followed them with the pistol in his hand. Louis threw the burglar, and seizing the pistol from his brother he commenced hammering the burglar in the face with the butt. Then he picked up the bit and brace that had fallen from the burglar's pocket and struck the burglar on the head with the ligum vitae handle until he split the handle into two pieces. The burglar yelled with pain. While Louis was pounding the wretch George started for home. He had gone about 200 yards on the road when his strength gave out, and he leaned against a tree in front of Brinkerhoff's house.

"I'm dying, Louis," he called to his brother. Louis quickly tied the burglar's hands with his own handkerchief. He thought if he had not killed him he would be, at least, too weak to escape. Then he hurried to his wounded brother's assistance. Brinkerhoff appeared again at hearing George's moans. George walked with Louis and Brinkerhoff a little way, when his strength again failed him, and he sank down in the road. A wagon chanced along, and George was lifted into it, and carried to his home. Louis awakened the household, consisting of his mother, five other brothers, and four sisters. Then he dashed down Tea Neck road harder than he ever ran before. He stopped first at the house of Col. Jamieson, the Englewood constable, and told him briefly what had happened, and the spot in the schoolhouse yard where the bound burglar could be found. Then he routed out Dr. H. M. Banks and Dr. D. A. Currie, who made haste to see their patient. Constable Jamieson, when he reached the schoolhouse, could not find the wounded burglar. Near a pool of his blood he picked up the big pistol, the broken brace and a piece of a sectional jimmy.

The news of the tragedy spread like wildfire to Englewood. The whole town was aroused by midnight, and many came out to the scene on horseback.

The most of those who turned out were citizens of Englewood who have banded themselves together as a protective society, each member having the power and authority, under New Jersey law, of a constable. President Donald Mackay was early on hand. He summoned every member, and, dividing them into pickets, commenced a search of the surrounding country for the assassin. All night long the hunt was continued, but unsuccessfully.

As soon as daylight dawned a careful examination was made of the place of the struggle.

From the spot where the burglar was left by Louis Coe, bound and supposed to be dying, a streak of blood was tracked 200 yards southwest to a disused and dismantled barn. Here on the door post were the blood-stained finger-marks of a hand. The burglar had evidently leaned there for support. Continuing their search southwest of the barn, the searchers came to a ploughed field, where footprints and a trail of blood spots made a procession across its surface to a little patch of green grass. No traces of the burglar were discernible on this plot, but a little further on in the same direction, beside a wire fence extending to Tea Neck road, they picked up from a board a newspaper package of several pieces of burglar's bits stained with blood. Beyond the wire fence was a green grass plot, and the searchers were baffled in finding any further clue. They had traveled in the direction of the West Shore Railroad track, about a mile further on, and were positive that the burglar had taken that

course, but felt sure that he could not have reached there in his feeble condition, and had either crawled in hiding somewhere thereabouts or was being sheltered for pay by one of the many small farmers in the neighborhood, plenty of whom live on the land of Congressman William Walter Phelps, who owns the greater part of that district.

The Protection Society, with these discoveries in its mind, changed its tactics somewhat, and placed more of its members in the district between the school house and the railroad track. Fully 200 scoured the woods all day in vain.

George Coe will probably die. His physicians have no hope of his recovery. The bullet fired down on him from the window struck the outer angle of his right eye, fractured the outer plate of the skull, and then passed down, fracturing the clavicle and lodging between the lungs. The second bullet, fired from underneath him, struck him four inches above his navel and one inch to the left of the median line. The ball was found 4½ inches from the center of his spine very near the surface, and was extracted. Its size is 38 calibre. The pistol must have been held against the young man, as the flash of the pistol burned his clothing and scorched his skin. One slug remained in the revolver.

The mysterious burglar was arrested at the Hoboken Ferry May 8th and turned out to be a notorious New York professional criminal and convict, who gave the name of Huggs, his real name being John Baum.

JEALOUSY DROVE HER CRAZY.

Mrs. Belle Fernandez Kills Her Handsome Husband.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Periko Fernandez, of Hawthorne, N. J., wife of a well-to-do young Cuban, shot and killed her husband the night of May 8, and then sent a bullet crashing through her own brain, dying almost instantly. Hawthorne, as the collection of scattered dwellings is called, is about two miles from Paterson, on the opposite side of the Passaic River. Nestling under the shadow of the Peekness Mountains and towering above the surrounding cottages is a three-story frame building without any pretensions to architectural beauty. Last July this house was rented by young Mr. Fernandez and his wife. The latter was twenty-nine years of age and very pretty. Her husband was two years her senior, and managed the New York agency of his father's extensive sugar plantation in Cuba.

Although the couple had been married thirteen years they had no children, and Mrs. Fernandez had adopted a baby, now about four years old. The young husband fitted up the Hawthorne residence in charming style, and when at home devoted himself to amateur farming, taking particular pride in the large stock of chickens which he raised by the patent incubating process. Although he and his wife were supposed to be happy together, Fernandez was in the habit of remaining away from home at night; often, indeed, he was not seen at his home for a week. He was a member of the New York Club, of this city, and his only excuse to his wife for these absences was that his attendance at the club was necessary.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Saunders, a sister of Mrs. Fernandez, and who resides in Canada, arrived at Hawthorne on a visit. Last Tuesday Mr. Fernandez left his home to come to this city and did not return until 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. During his absence his wife had expressed her displeasure to her sister at his treatment, but when he returned she pretended that she was not angry with him. They had supper together, after which Fernandez donned an old suit, including a heavy overcoat, and went out among the chickens. He was joined soon afterwards by his wife and they were apparently on the best of terms when Mrs. Saunders retired, between 8 and 9 o'clock. It was shortly before midnight when a loud knocking at the bedroom door roused her. Henry Scroggins, the hired colored man, cried:

"Get up, Mrs. Saunders; somebody's shot."

Running up stairs to her sister's bedroom, Mrs. Saunders found Fernandez on the floor, with blood gushing from his mouth and from a bullet hole in his right side, while his wife was standing partially undressed, with a silk wrapper around her and a 38-calibre, self-cocking Smith & Wesson revolver in her right hand.

"My God, Lottie," Mrs. Fernandez exclaimed, "I've killed Dee!" this being the pet name she always applied to her husband.

Mrs. Saunders ran over to the wounded man, who faintly called for water. She had raised his head into her lap and was trying to staunch the flow of blood, when she saw her sister raising the pistol, and before she could interfere she had pulled the trigger, the bullet crashing into her head. She fell on the floor at her husband's feet, exclaiming:

"Oh, Dee, forgive me!"

In a few moments both had lost consciousness, and Henry drove into Paterson to get a physician. Mrs. Saunders, whose nerves were completely shattered by the shock, insisted on accompanying the coachman, as she was afraid to stay there in the house.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when they returned with Drs. Myers and Kipp and Coroner Hopson, and by this time both Mrs. Fernandez and her husband were dead.

A reporter visited the scene. On the small farm all was neat and trim. Trees with a superabundance of rich blossoms threw their branches over against the house, and through them the sunbeams shot slanting rays to brighten up the broad, white walls. Mrs. Saunders, who was prostrated with grief, scouted the idea that her sister had intentionally shot her husband.

"I was horrified," she said, "and cannot imagine that my sister shot her husband wilfully. My opinion is that she was fooling with the revolver, when it was discharged accidentally. Her deep sorrow on seeing her husband's condition confirmed me in that belief. She appeared to be as much horrified as I was, and her last words were an appeal to him for forgiveness. They lived happily together, and I can conceive of no reason why she should wilfully shoot her husband. I was holding up his head when Mrs. Fernandez put the revolver to her right temple and shot herself before I could do anything to prevent her. When I went to my room last night they were both out among the chickens. Our family live in Boston and I have sent for them to come on. Mr. Fernandez's father is in Cuba, and as he is very old I was afraid to send any word. Periko's brother was to have sailed for Europe yesterday. I sent him a telegram addressed to the New York Hotel, but have received no answer yet. It is terrible to be here alone, and not one woman has come near the house, though they have been asked."

The two bodies lay where they had fallen, except that Mrs. Saunders had moved her sister around out of the crimson pool which had flowed from her wound. Her face was composed, showing that death had come to her in a quick and merciful manner. Her husband's face indicated that the last moments were painful, and the face was not like the bright, intelligent, happy-looking young man whose picture occupied a prominent place on the parlor wall. Chief Graul, Coroner Hopson and Warrant Officer Magee visited the scene soon afterward and a jury of the neighboring farmers was impaneled. When they had viewed the bodies the inquest was adjourned. Where the funeral will take place will not be settled until some of Mr. Fernandez's relatives are heard from.

Henry, the coachman, asserts that there were never any quarrels between the couple, and he accepts the accident theory. A majority of those who know the circumstances believe, however, that Mrs. Fernandez committed the rash act in a moment of passionate jealousy. They think that after upbraiding her husband for his apparent indifference to her manifested by his frequent absences, warm words followed, leading up to the shooting. When he was away from home Mrs. Fernandez always kept the revolver in her bedroom, loaded. One night last week she heard a noise outside. Opening the window, she fired in the air to scare the supposed intruders.

TRYING HER FAITH.

Awkward Situation of a Young Lady With a Healing Evangelist.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A surprise party awaited Parson Knott when he straggled up after his sleets on a recent Sunday afternoon, gave his black cravat an extra hitch and rode into the town of Raleigh, N. C., to preach his usual sermon in the little church. It was packed as he never saw it before, and as he entered the door he found a rival in the pulpit preaching a doctrine to the ears of his flock which had a strange, far-away sound.

"Take a seat in the amen corner, Parson," remarked one of the deacons: "that is the Rev. Mr. Knight."

The parson was a trifle disconcerted, but determined to see the thing out. The stranger took for his text John xiv., 12: "Verily, verily, I say unto you that he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my father."

After a discourse of about two hours the preacher, who declared himself a healing evangelist, called upon those in the audience who might be afflicted in any way to come forward and be cured. For several minutes the audience remained still, no one taking advantage of the offer. At last a lovely young woman, her face crimson with blushes, arose from her seat in the rear of the church, and, with a slightly halting step, caused by a stiffness in one of her knees, approached the evangelist. She was his sole victim. After waiting in vain for others to respond, the young lady was seated upon the edge of the platform, with her face and figure in full view of the audience.

Without a word of warning the evangelist grabbed her afflicted limb in both hands. She jumped and struggled to get away, but he held bravely to her, vigorously rubbing the lame member with both hands, and speaking soothingly the while. Meantime the audience was in a state of the greatest excitement, some craning their necks to get a view of what was going on, and others rising to their feet in their anxiety not to lose a particle of the performance. It was a free show, and they were determined to enjoy it. After a full minute the young lady was released, and sank back exhausted, flushed, and the perspiration starting from every pore.

"Do you feel better now?" the healer asked.

"No-o, not much," the patient faintly answered.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when he grabbed her knee again with both hands, and despite her protest repeated his performance with so many variations that the parson sought a convenient opportunity to slide out of a side door, the deacons looked the other way, and the long-necked sisters of the congregation, declared in a perfectly audible tone that it was a shame, picked up their prayer books and started out. Common as such things are elsewhere the scene was a novel one in Raleigh, and the town was so much excited that it was after midnight before it settled down to rest.

A BALLET STRIKE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The pretty girls of the "Arcadia" ballet now playing at the Bijou Opera House recently protested against the tyranny, as they called it, of their stage manager. The movement became a strike, but was amicably adjusted by the bland and handsome Gen. Robert E. J. Miles.

A FORTUNE IN A DAY.

A Lake Shore Car Inspector's Good Luck and How He Takes It.

John H. Minning is a car inspector for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway at Air Line Junction, but he won't need to work there any longer. Mr. Minning is in luck, and henceforth is comparatively independent.

"The way it was," said Mr. Minning to a *Blade* reporter, "I thought I would invest a dollar in the Louisiana State Lottery, and I bought a fifth of ticket No. 11,545. The drawing came off on the 13th inst., and when I saw the report I found that 11,545 had drawn the second capital prize of \$25,000."

"Felt pretty good, didn't you?" asked the scribe, who has trained himself to never covet anything.

"I could hardly believe it, but I took my fifth of a ticket to the Adams Express office here and shipped it C. O. D. to New Orleans for my share of the prize."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, it arrived Monday, \$5,000 in good greenbacks, and all mine except \$2.25 I paid for express charges."

"Great luck!"

"Yes, I think so. My wife went with me to the express office when I went to get the money. I felt good, of course, but you should have seen her. She and I have both worked all our lives, and this money is a godsend that we will keep for a rainy day."

"Will you continue to work for the railroad?"

"Yes; a fortune of \$5,000 won't spoil me. I am laying off now for a few days, though."

The lucky man resides at No. 81 Jervis street, in a little cottage which he is already beginning to fix up. His brother railroaders all envy his good fortune, but are glad of his luck.—*Toledo (Ohio) Blade*, April 30.

JACK DEMPSEY.

The Full and Truthful History of a Wonderful Pugilist's Professional Development.

A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

(Copyrighted by Richard K. Fox.)

Jack Dempsey's prowess in the fist arena began to spread from Maine to Oregon, and numerous lightweights began to be anxious to meet the rising young champion in the orthodox 24-foot ring. In the fall of 1883 the New York Athletic Club, who have done a great deal to promote athletics and boxing, were eager to witness Jack Dempsey meet Bob Turnbull, better known as Cockey Turnbull, in the arena, and they decided to offer a purse of \$300 for Dempsey and Turnbull to battle for. Dempsey was tickled with the idea and agreed to meet Turnbull right off the chain for the purse. Arrangements were made for the mill and the contest was decided in New York city on Nov. 25, 1883. Turnbull was no match for Dempsey, but he displayed great pluck and fought eight well-contested three-minute rounds, when the referee declared the contest a draw. The referee's decision of course was final, but it gave general dissatisfaction, because it was plain to every one present that Dempsey should have been awarded the contest.

In January, 1884, Denny Costigan, another fist hero of Providence, had an idea that he could conquer Dempsey, and challenges and counter-challenges were issued. Finally Dempsey ended the matter by offering to fight Costigan for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, London prize ring rules, and allow the Providence man 10 pounds; that is, Dempsey agreed to allow Costigan to weigh 140 pounds, while he would weigh 130 pounds. The proposed match created quite a furore, but it ended in smoke.

Dempsey did not remain idle long, for Billy Mahoney offered to box him for \$50 a side. It was an off-hand affair, and was decided in New York city on Jan. 15, 1884. Mahoney was a regular chopping block for Dempsey, who put him to sleep in three rounds, lasting 8 minutes 45 seconds. On the same day Dempsey agreed to fight Joe Hennessey for a purse of \$100. The battle was fought on Jan. 28, 1884, and Dempsey created quite a sensation by gaining another victory. He beat Hennessey in four rounds, lasting 12 minutes, Queensberry rules governing the contest.

Dempsey had now fought eight battles and not sustained a defeat. His success gave him confidence and ambition, and his ambition was to climb to the top stair on the pugilistic ladder.

On Feb. 14, 1884, Dempsey was tendered a benefit at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, Thirteenth street, New York. Dempsey offered Jim Barry \$25 if he would stand up and box him four three-minute rounds. Barry was certain Dempsey could not knock him out, and with a vision of the \$25 toed the scratch. A large crowd filled the modern Five's Court to witness the affair. Bob Smith was referee. The contest was a desperate one. In the first round Dempsey led off and sent in a terrific swinging right-hander on Barry's right jaw, bringing the latter to the ground. In the next round Dempsey did some very wicked fighting, his superior reach gaining him a number of heavy blows on the face of his opponent. One straight shoulder hit nearly closed Barry's right eye. Dempsey led off in the third round with a hot one on Barry's ear. Barry returned vigorously on Dempsey's mouth and ribs. Dempsey then got in a tremendous blow on Barry's neck, knocking him down again. As he came to the scratch he was met with a swinging right-hander in the stomach that doubled him up. He failed to come to time, and Dempsey was declared winner. Time, 9 minutes.

Dempsey, after the above battle, issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 130 pounds for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The challenge was published in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and backed up with a forfeit. The deft was commented on in sporting circles, and sporting men waited anxiously to ascertain if any light weight would accept. About this time Billy Dacey, a prominent exponent of the fist arena, flourished at Greenpoint, L. I. He had proved he was a plucky and courageous fighter, and agreed to meet the invincible Dempsey. Dacey's backer posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox, accepted the challenge and agreed to meet Dempsey and his backer at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office to arrange a match. On the day named the men and their backers met. Dempsey waived all technicalities, and the rivals signed the following agreement:

Articles of agreement entered into at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office this 7th day of February, 1884, between John Dempsey, of Brooklyn, and Wm. Dacey, of Greenpoint, L. I.

The said Dempsey and the said Dacey do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, with gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$100 aside, open for \$200.

The said fight to be decided on Thursday, March 6, 1884, within 100 miles of New York, and the place of fighting to be mutually agreed upon on Feb. 29, 1884. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 10 P. M. and 4 A. M.; the man absent to forfeit the stake money.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and referee. The remaining deposits shall be deposited as follows: Second deposit of \$75 a side shall be posted at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office on Thursday, Feb. 21, 1884, before 3 P. M.

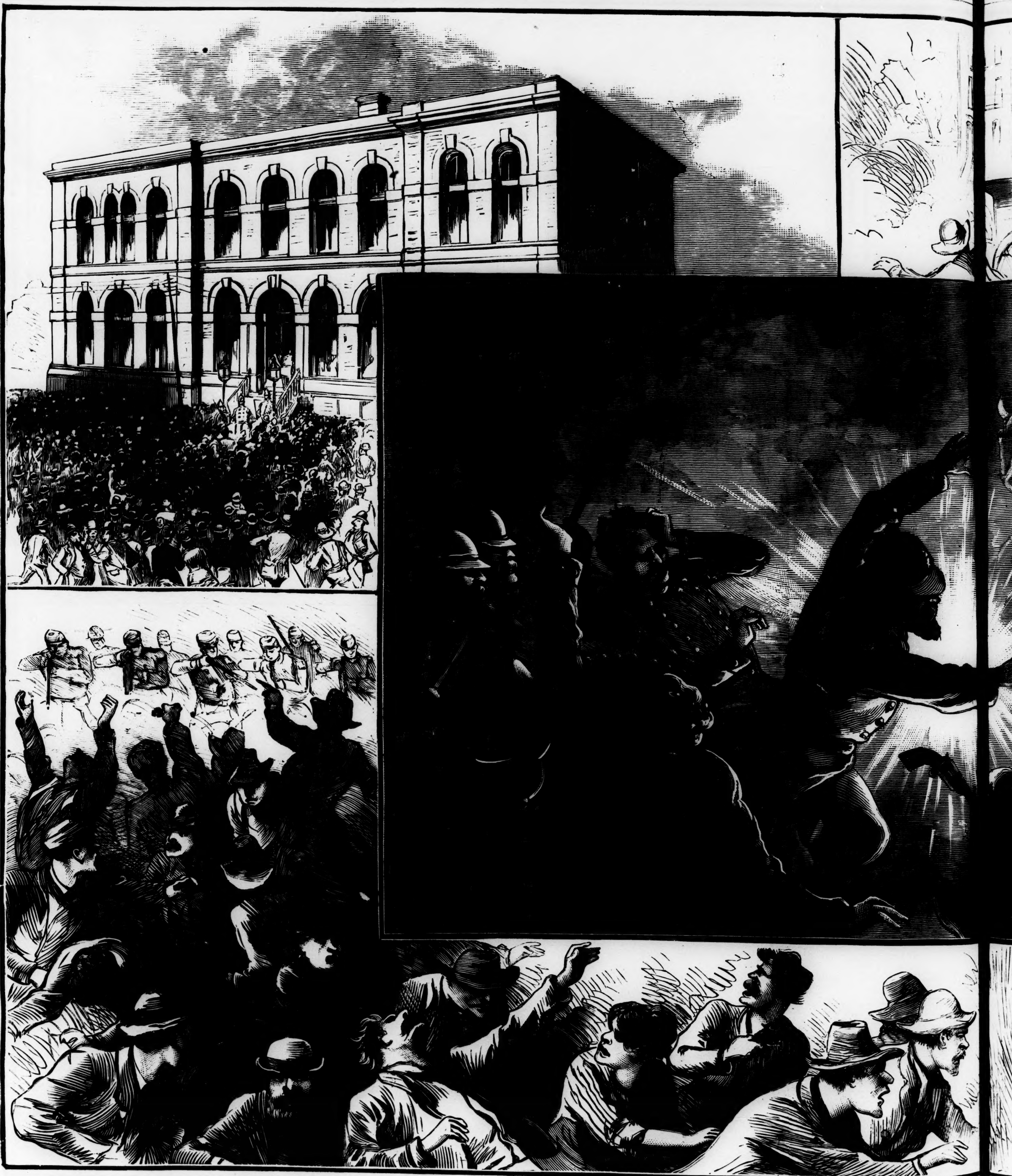
The said deposits must not be put up later than the hours aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting—if possible on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight; and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

JOHN DEMPSEY.
Wm. DACEY.
HARRY FORCE.
ALEX. T. MCGUIRE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ANARCHY'S BLOOD

HOW IT WAS UPLIFTED IN CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE AT THE COST OF FIVE BRAVE OFFICERS' LIVES AND
BY THE ARMED HAND OF THE LAW.—[From the



RED BANNER.

AND THE PEACE AND QUIET OF TWO GREAT WESTERN COMMUNITIES AND FINALLY PUT DOWN AGAIN
(From Sketches Made by Our Special Artist.)

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

It is reported that Fogarty and Ellingsworth are to meet in a glove contest to a finish for a \$1,500 purse—\$1,000 to the winner and \$500 to the loser.

James Dobbins, of the Fourth Ward, will fight any 135-pound man on Cherry Hill. Man and money ready at 72 Oliver street. He is a pupil of the late Peter Croker.

San Francisco boasts of another middle-weight boxer, who rejoices in the name of Costello. It is claimed that he has no superior on the Pacific slope except Dick Matthews.

Harry Gilmore states that his match with George Fullam is for the light-weight championship of America, but his match with Little is not, for the latter weighs 158 pounds.

Mike Sullivan, brother to John L. Sullivan, was recently presented with a large sash and diamond ring by Messrs. Patrick Sheehan, J. T. Kennedy and George Tower, at Boston.

If Jim Fell is eager to battle in the arena, as he claims to be, it takes a journey to this city he will be accommodated with a match, for Gus Tuohill will match Jack Fogarty to battle Fell either for gate money or for \$1,000 a side.

Harry Gilmore has challenged Jack Dempsey to box four or six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. The contest to take place at the Skating Rink, Toronto.

Jerry Donovan, who in 1885 was looked upon as the middle-weight champion of the prize ring, was recently in this city. In his day the brother of Prof. Mike Donovan could hold his own with any of the middle weights in or out of the ring.

Billy Hawkins, a candidate for the light-weight championship of America, has been matched to meet Harry Gilmore to battle for \$1,000. It is reported that \$500 a side has been posted at Winnipeg by the backers of the men, and that they are to mill with small gloves, according to London prize ring rules.

On May 15, at the Skating Rink, Ithaca, N. Y., Mike C. Conley, the man that posted \$100 with this paper and offered to meet any man in America, bar John L. Sullivan, is to meet Billy Madden's champion, Jack Ashton of Providence. The contest will be ten rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. Sporting men of Albany, Troy, Rochester and the western part of New York state are confident that Conley will win. Ashton will go to Ithaca with a large delegation of sporting men and the sporting editor of this paper will also be on hand at the death.

A testimonial benefit was tendered to George La Blanche, the Marine, on May 4, at Boston. Boxing bouts took place between Williams, of Boston, and McGloire, of Natick; Sullivan, of Lowell, and Kerrigan, of Boston; Jack Spencer and Johnnie Murphy, of Boston; Pete McCoy and Denny Kelleher, of Quincey, and a wrestling match between Horrigan and Crahan, which was won by the former. The closing was to have been a 6-round hard glove fight between Jimmy Carroll, of Holyoke, and Tom McManus, of Lowell. Carroll was out of condition, but forced the fighting throughout, and toward the close of the third round, by a back-swinging blow, cut McManus' eye badly, whereupon the latter quit.

Jack Dempsey says: "I will not make a match to box any one like Burke or Mitchell except with bare knuckles or skin gloves to a finish for a stake of \$5,000." He holds, and very sensibly, too, that it would be virtually impossible for him to get the best of either of these men in an 8-round glove contest, and he don't want any more "draws" in his record. He believes that he can beat either in a fight to a finish, and as both are bigger than he is he don't see why he should be asked to give them more advantage. He is but a middle weight, and is not a slugger or knock-out. His forte lies in fighting his man until he brings him to his weight and then whipping him. "It may take me hours to whip either Mitchell or Burke," said he to me the other night. "When Burke talks about me not meaning business, because I want to fight in private, he talks nonsense. I am not going to stake my money and then fight where we may be stopped by the police or crowd after a few rounds. When I meet either of these men I want to fight until one or the other of us is licked. That's business, and that's just what I mean."

The fistie encounter between Jim Cannon of Carbonate, Pa., the heavy-weight champion of the coal regions, and an unknown to be named by E. P. Mallahan of May 21, will be decided at Carbonate, Pa., on Friday evening, May 21. The conditions are "Police Gazette" rules, six three-minute rounds, for \$250 a side and the winner to take the entire gate receipts. Cannon is a tall, powerful man, possessed, it is said, of great courage and stamina, and his follower, as well as his backer is confident he will win no matter what boxer Mallahan names. In all the towns through the coal regions Cannon has admirers who stand ready to back their champion from sunrise to sundown. Mallahan's unknown is a mystery to the knowing ones, nevertheless he will be heavily backed. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches, in 24 years of age, weighs 182 pounds and has already won his spurs. The stakes, \$250 a side, have been posted at this office, and Richard K. Fox is to select the referee. The contest, judging from the reports from the seat of war or the training and headquarters of the men, will be a desperate one, and no matter who wins, both will think they have been in a grist mill when it is over. A large delegation will journey to Carbonate to witness the contest, which will be well worth the journey.

Near New York city on May 6 there was a well-contested and desperate battle fought between Charley Ellingsworth, a well-known amateur and brother to Joe Ellingsworth, and Tommy Danforth, well-known in prize-ring circles. The men fought for a \$200 gold watch and the feather-weight championship of New York State. The fight was with 2-ounce gloves. Both men were in splendid condition. Ellingsworth was a little heavier and considerably taller than Danforth. The fight was under the Marquis of Queensberry rules and lasted 2 hours and 28 minutes. Thirty-seven rounds were fought, Ellingsworth being bested in the last. Billy Oliver and Jimmy Kenny seconded Danforth, while Ellingsworth's brothers Joe and William took care of him. Both men had trained and came to the mark in first-rate condition. The battle was desperately contested round after round, and both displayed excellent judgment. It was still anybody's battle after 20 rounds had been fought, but Danforth displayed the most generosity and he was made a favorite, although the amateur delegation were still confident that Ellingsworth would win. From the 21st round until the finish Danforth brought such superior skill and science to his aid that Ellingsworth was thrown on the defensive. Danforth fought him all over the ring, securing the first knock down. In the 37th round Danforth sent Ellingsworth to grass with a terrible right-hander, and the latter was unable to get up at the call of time. Al Smith acted as referee. At the conclusion of the fight Danforth announced that he was ready to fight Tommy Warren at any time. Danforth goes to Philadelphia to meet Denny Butler in a contest in that city.

A desperate prize ring encounter was fought in an old saw mill at Sharpshooter, Pa., on May 7, between William Clark, a well-known light weight from Reading, and James Jones, a light weight from Conneville. The men fought according to the London prize ring rules for a purse and \$200, with skin gloves that weighed two ounces. Dan O'Brien handled Clark, while Billy McCauley seconded Jones. Both men weighed about 130 pounds, and appeared to be in excellent condition. The fight was obstinately contested for ten rounds, Jones having the lead in the fighting. Clark floored him like a log, securing first knock down. A round or so later he drew the claret from Jones' nose, securing first blood. In the eighteenth round Jones made a terrific rush. Clark met the onslaught, and in dodging a blow his shoulder struck Jones on the head, felling him like a shot. Clark felt heavily on him. A claim of foul was at once entered, it being asserted that Clark had purposely fallen on Jones. A lively time followed. The referee disallowed the claim and ordered the men to resume the fight. Jones secured a new lease of life in the nineteenth round, and struck Clark down. He repeated this action in the twentieth and twenty-second rounds. Clark's stock went up 50 per cent. In the twenty-fifth round, when he gave his opponent a terrific straight blow, knocking him down as if he were a ten-pin. The blow cut a gash in Jones' head which bled profusely.

Two rounds later Clark struck his antagonist full in the mouth, knocking one tooth out. One tooth cut clear through Clark's glove and sank in the flesh. The fiercest part of the battle was now over, and sparring for wind and clenching followed. In the forty-third round, when it seemed to be anybody's fight, Jones rushed forward like a mad man. Clark threw out his right with might and main, and it caught Jones on the neck. The force of the blow

was doubled by the collision, and Jones tumbled in a heap. His seconds picked him up, but on seeing that he was stupefied threw up the sponge, and Clark was declared the winner amid cheers. The fight lasted 1 hour and 36 minutes, and was a genuine one. Both men were terribly punished. Clark's face was cut in several places and puffed out. Jones was badly punished, and both men required the attention of physicians before they left the scene of the fight.

The glove contest between Tommy McManus of Lowell, Mass., and Jimmy Carroll of Northampton for a purse of \$150 was fought in a room at Boston on May 5. Six rounds, Queensberry rules, were the conditions. McManus is 5 feet 9 inches in height, while Carroll is 3 inches shorter; both weigh about 150 pounds. McManus is built in proportion and presents a fine model of physical development, while Carroll, besides being short, is round and very muscular. Young Kerrigan seconded Carroll and Jack Williams McManus.

Round 1—Both got to work after some feeling for an opening. McManus leading and planting his left on the Northampton man's mug, and following it up with a terrible pile-driver with his right on the neck. McManus repeated the dose, doing some fine two-hand fighting, Carroll falling short in his counters and doing little execution. Some close fighting followed, Carroll getting in two swinging blows on the Lowell man's neck, while the latter countered heavily on the ribs with his wicked right. McManus then made several rushes, and sent in some hot shot with both maulers, but was mostly stopped. He soon repeated the tactics of the opening of the contest, and emphasized the call of time with a right-handed smother on Carroll's jaw, the latter countering short.

2—McManus came to the scratch showing visible effect of his activity and work in the previous round. He perspired freely, while his opponent appeared as dry as a chip. Each, however, had plenty of wind, and they went to work with a vengeance. McManus shot in his left and right until he counted four, one each on Carroll's nose, mouth, jaw and right eye. This punishment maddened Carroll, who rushed in and planted his left and then his right in quick succession on Mac's mouth, which was cut and bled freely. He then electrified the Lowell man by getting in hard and sharp with his right on the latter's nose, Mac countering savagely on the ribs. Short-arm fighting was next in order, and then they got at long range. Carroll got in his right and left as before, but was heavily countered on the neck, under the left ear and well on the jugular. The round closed rather in favor of Carroll, however, he getting in a sockdolager on his man's neck.

3—This round was of short duration. While playing for an opening Carroll tried what is known as the Magee trick. After measuring his man he turned suddenly around as if on a pivot, his intention being to swing clear around and catch his man with the heel of his right on the jaw and jugular. McManus was the victim of this trick at the hands of Magee, and divining what was coming rushed in to clinch the man from behind before he could get clear around. He got his grip, but about the same instant Carroll's right elbow came against his left cheek bone with a crash which echoed throughout the hall. Mac's face looked as if he had been hit with a pound weight. The flesh was cut and the blood flowed copiously, while in less than a minute his left eye turned jet black. He hesitated, called out "I-I," while Carroll attempted to follow up the advantage gained and forced him to the ropes. The referee refused to allow the foul, and McManus, almost blind, proceeded to renew the fight. After scratching he changed his mind, claimed that the blow he received was not according to the rules, and therefore refused to fight any longer. The fight was accordingly awarded to Carroll, who afterwards claimed he struck Mac with the heel of his glove. Others thought he struck with his forearm against the Lowell man's eye, but the red spot on Carroll's elbow, immediately after the passage-at-arms, seemed to indicate that it was with his elbow that he struck the blow.

The long-pending glove contest between Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke, the well-known English pugilists, was decided at Chicago on May 10. About 5,000 persons were present because every one expected after all the prophesies about Jack Burke's "great improvement" that he would this time conquer his rival. Both men have met several times in England in glove contests, and once with bare knuckles for money, while they have met three times in this country, not counting the present engagement. Both encounters in New York, one in Germania Assembly Rooms and the other in Madison Square Garden, ended in draws, while their last encounter in the Garden City also ended unsatisfactorily. Many had an idea that the present meeting would settle the long-mooted question as to whether Mitchell could really conquer Burke, or whether the latter would vanquish Mitchell. Burke had been a sojourner for some time in Chicago, while Mitchell had very few admirers. Consequently Burke had, through Ghas. E. Davies' influence, the sympathy of the masses. Nevertheless Mitchell had many supporters who backed him heavily to conquer the native of Lambeth, England. The event had attracted sporting men from all over the country, John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Tom Cleary, Tom Allen and other pugilists of more or less renown being among the spectators. After four or five sparring exhibitions of no special interest, Tom Warren, of Louisville, and Harry Nolan appeared in the ring. The former had agreed to stop Nolan in six rounds or forfeit \$100. Six-ounce gloves were used. In the first round the men sparred cautiously for a few seconds. Warren deliberately watched his opponent. Nolan led out, but Warren stopped him and struck out repeatedly with his left, landing on Nolan's neck and chasing him all over the ring. Once he knocked Nolan against the ropes, but the round closed without any great advantage to either. In the second round Warren had it all his own way, knocking Nolan down twice. Nolan was very groggy and could hardly stay on his legs, but somehow he managed to pull through. When time was called for the third round Nolan could barely stand. Warren knocked him down time after time, having him completely at his mercy. In the middle of the round Warren got into a row with Nolan's second and the referee threatened to fight them all. When time was finally called the police stepped on the stage and refused to allow the fight to proceed. It was accordingly given to Warren. It was 10:21 o'clock when the stars of the evening appeared. Both men were enthusiastically welcomed. Jack Burke was seconded by Frank Ware and Denny Costigan, of New York, while Tommy Warren and Tom Chandler acted for Mitchell. William Bradburn was referee. When time was called Mitchell led and re-herded Burke on the neck; Burke countered, but was short. Burke then commenced to force the fighting. In the second round Burke forced the fighting and landed solidly on Mitchell's face three times, Mitchell countering one in the stomach. Burke again forced this fight in the third round and got in three more hits with his left on Mitchell's face. The fourth round was decidedly in Mitchell's favor, and he struck Burke repeatedly slinging blows on the ribs. The fifth round saw Burke again forcing matters, and after landing another clean hit on Mitchell's neck he hit him again with his right, knocking Mitchell against the ropes. During the latter part of this round Mitchell had the best of it, landing a heavy blow on Burke's face. Mitchell had decidedly the best of the sixth round. He came to time much fresher than Burke and made for the latter's wind again, getting in several heavy blows on the Irish lad's chest and stomach. Burke rallied a little in the seventh round, and scored the most points, but there was no great advantage either way. The eighth round was pretty even, Mitchell, if anything, having the best of it. The fight so far having been about even, another round was called for. In the ninth round Mitchell forced the fighting from the start, and landed blow after blow on Burke's ribs and face. Burke also got in several hits, but they were light. Mitchell was strong in the tenth round, and Burke was knocked against the ropes at the very start. Desperate fighting followed. Mitchell drove his tremendous left heavily into Burke's stomach, and drove him to the ropes. He then upper-cut and cross-counter Burke, who had nearly all the nerve and fighting spirit punched out of him. He tried to rally, but Mitchell was stronger and in better condition, and had Burke just about "stopville," when the police, very conveniently, to save the Chicago post from being beaten, stopped the mill.

The audience hissed and groaned at the termination of the affair, and Mitchell's admirers claimed that if Burke had been winning, the battle would have been allowed to proceed. The referee, who is a professional pugilist and who should be a first-class judge, allowed that Mitchell had the best of the encounter every way, but he decided the battle a draw.

After the excitement at the strange ending of the affair, Jack Dempsey, the unbeaten middle-weight champion of America, who had just arrived in Chicago with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, ready to meet Mitchell or Burke, stepped up and challenged Mitchell to a fight with skin gloves to a finish for \$5,000 a side. Mitchell made no reply, but turning to the reporters' stand said, "I would like to call your attention to the gentlemanly and business-like way in which the champion challenges me." Mitchell cannot very well refuse to meet Dempsey, and it is more than probable a match will be ratified.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposal of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drakhan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Swigert, the famous Kentucky turfman, always runs his horses to win, and that is why the public like to back them.

Old Gen. Monroe is moving grandly again in Jerome Park. He sometimes heads the strings in warm work at early morning hours.

W. C. Flynn, of Southington, Conn., has been challenged by W. C. Murphy, of Natick, Mass., to run him a 125-yard race for \$250 a side.

Miss Woodford is full of racing vim once more. She is indulged in an occasional mile dash, which she finishes under a pull in about 2 minutes.

E. Berry Wall reports his racehorse Wallflower in fine form. The horse made a strong run of a mile over the Sheepshead Bay course the other day in 1:51.

Dwyer Brothers' racers purchased at the Lorillard sale last winter, will leave Monmouth Park on Monday next to join the Brooklyn stable at Sheepshead Bay.

Tom McAlpine is up for a benefit at The Allen's Marble, Bleeker street, New York, on Monday, May 17. A host of attractions and all the best knights of the circle will appear.

Mr. Nathan Straus, well known in trotting circles, will present a timing watch, costing \$550, to the owner of the first running horse that beats 1:40 on the new turf track at Sheepshead Bay.

At Louisville, Ky., on May 6, Len Martin's promising 4-year-old boy, Tipsey, broke a leg while being taken out of a car after arriving from Memphis. Tipsey ran second in the Memphis Derby last season.

Jack Sheehan, the champion turf adviser, picked up a miniature horse-shoe at the Brighton Beach track recently. As he attends the Washington and Baltimore meetings the racing fraternity may look out for straight tips, as no doubt the find will prove a mascot.

The birds owned by S. G. Lambertson, Keyport, N. J., were let go for their third journey from the Signal Office, Washington, D. C., at 7:20 A. M., recently. The first returns were five together at 12:01½. The distance is 183 1-16 miles. The average speed was 1:15½ yards per minute.

The "Daily News" (N. Y.), May 5, says: "Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a \$100 gold medal for the baseball nines of the Police and Fire Departments. The nine that wins the medal three times in five will receive the trophy. Purvey is confident his nine will capture the medal."

Harry Maynard, the well-known sporting boniface of the Pacific Coast, accompanied by Mrs. Maynard, known to the profession as Carrie Woods, called recently at this office. Maynard made a flying visit to Gotham, and at last advised was "doing" the sporting houses and being lionized by the boys in right royal style. It is understood he has engaged an array of talent to appear in San Francisco.

The following explains itself: May 10, 1888.

Will you kindly state in your columns that I have agreed to run Mr. W. G. George a mile next Saturday night. The Garden we had engaged for that occasion and the regular amateur programme would have been run off whether this match had been arranged or not. My comparatively easy victory in our series leads me to believe I have a fair chance to defeat him at one mile. Those who have been crying hippodrome, etc., and who consequently waited for the third race need not now be disappointed.

Very truly yours, L. E. MYERS.

New records made in 1888:

Hammer throwing—119 feet, by W. J. Barry of Queen's College, Dublin, at Cork, Ireland, April 17, 1888. W. J. Barry threw the same hammer a similar distance at Mott Haven, New York, Oct. 9, 1885.

Running hop, step and jump—47 feet 7 inches, made by J. Purcell at Cork, Ireland, April 17, 1888. The best amateur performance in the world.

Running long jump—20 feet 4 inches, by J. Purcell at Cork, Ireland, April 17, 1888.

Putting the 56-pound weight, without run or follow—25 feet 5 inches, by W. J. M. Barry at Cork, Ireland, April 17, 1888.

Putting the 16-pound shot with a run of 7 feet—40 feet 8 inches at Cork, Ireland, April 17, 1888.

Denny Butler, the well-known swimmer and boxer, was tendered a benefit at Clark's Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, on May 7. There was a full house and some of the sparring was first-class. The best "go" of the evening was between John White and John Carney. White was knocked down in the first round, but he came to time just quick enough to save defeat, and during the next two rounds he had decidedly the better of the hitting. Carney was twice knocked down. Both were weak in the fourth round. Referee John Harding decided the contest a draw. "Clipper" Donohue stopped McGuigan in two rounds, and there were set-bos between John H. Clark and Charles White. Billy Teese and Andy Hart, Mike Holland and Billy Carroll, and the wind-up was between Denny Butler and John Harrington. Joe Ellingsworth and the mysterious New York heavy-weight did not put in an appearance. Mike Donovan and Jimmy Danforth were on hand, but did not spar.

The crushing defeat the Columbia College oarsmen received on the Thames at New London last year has not by any means discouraged them. They have plenty of pluck, muscle and money with which to try again this year to defeat Harvard's "Varsity" and Freshmen eights. The college eight has been on the water for ten days, and take a pull on the Harlem river every afternoon. The eight now rowing are as follows: Stroke, B. Lockwood, Jr., weight 165, age twenty, height 5 feet 10 inches; No. 7, C. E. Beckwith, 167, 22, 5 feet 9½ inches; No. 6, S. Harris, 128, 20, 6 feet; No. 5, C. M. Donnelly, 175, 21, 5 feet 11 inches; No. 4, C. F. Warren, 160, 20, 5 feet 10½ inches; No. 3, G. T. Stevens, 165, 21, 5 feet 10½ inches; No. 2, C. A. Stevens, 160, 20, 5 feet 10½ inches; bow, B. C. Applegate, 165, 19, 5 feet 11½ inches. Substitutes: J. V. Bouvier, Jr., 167, 21, 6 feet; G. Richards, 162, 20, 5 feet 8 inches; and W. A. Melkham, 176, 20, 5 feet 10½ inches. The only candidate for coxswain is R. L. Morrell, of '88, who steered his class boat in the race with the Harvard Freshmen last year. His weight is 110 pounds.

Jack Boylan, who fought Jack Dempsey on two occasions, was tendered a benefit at Clarendon Hall, New York, on May 6. It was announced he would attempt to knock out Jack McAlpine, but the latter was suffering from a strain and refused to box. Mike Leary agreed to box Boylan and attempt to win the \$50 Boylan offered any lightweight who would stand before him for four rounds. After Jack Canby had been selected referee the contest began. Boylan was seconded by Charley McCoy and Lew Clark, while Leary was seconded by Jack Smith and Jack Hopper. Leary in the first round went at it cautiously, but he landed some heavy right and left-hand blows. In the second round Boylan forced the fighting, and drove Leary all over the stage. In the third round Boylan delivered terrific left and right-hand blows on Leary's face and stomach. Leary, however, stuck to Boylan until he got him in chancery, and then he punished him severely. In the fourth round the fighting was so fast that the men finally became too weak to force matters. Leary was then declared the winner, having stood up for the four rounds.

At Sheepshead Bay the Dwyer stables are admirably arranged. The famous turfmen are noted for their willingness to show their great horses and to answer questions as to whether they are doing well or not. There are, however, stable secrets which are a part of a horseman's capital, and questions which, according to racing ethics, one has no right to ask. A visitor might inquire if it was the stable money that had backed Richmond down to favorite, or whether he or Dew Drop or Hankrupt or Pontico would carry the colors in the Suburban, questions equivalent to asking for a tip on the race. Not even the amateur tout is a wel-

come visitor at a great racing stable, and it occurred to mind that one of the minor arrangements was designed to convey a delicate hint to that effect. To the right of the door of one of the boxes appears the legend: "Miss Woodford, sire imp Billet, dam Fancy Jane by Neil Robinson," and in like manner the name and breeding of the occupant of each box is displayed. One does not need to ask the name or pedigree even of any of the great racers, and it looks a little like answering beforehand about the only question the amateur has a right to ask. The professional, with the grace of close inspection, does not need to ask one.

The Albany Rowing Club, of Albany, N. Y., has sent the following answer to the challenge of the Crescent Boat Club of Boston: ALBANY, May 10, 1888.

To the Crescent Boat Club, Boston:

GENTLEMEN—Your communication of the 14th of April conveying a challenge to the Monahan brothers of our club to row a double-scutt race with your representatives, Messrs. Murphy and O'Neill, at the last national regatta, received due consideration at our last regular meeting. It was decided to accept your challenge on condition that the race will take place on the Hudson river at Albany: We will not at present arrange for a double-scutt race elsewhere. While we prefer that the date should be about two weeks earlier than the first, June 15, you mention, we would waive our preference if that was the only condition likely to prove a bar to our arrangements. We would also stipulate that the two gold medals and banner shall be of equal value to those given by the National Association to winners of the double-scutt races at the annual regattas. Our course here is one of the fairest and best in the country, and we do not think there can possibly be any chance for earnest contestants to be dissatisfied with the decision of any competent referee. Trusting that your naming the course a condition which custom very properly gives to us in this matter will be duly recognized by you as our right, and hoping, for a speedy conclusion of arrangements for a race and with assurances of a friendly reception to your representatives, we are

THE ALBANY ROWING CLUB.

The Mayflower was launched at Boston, Mass., May 6, 1888. Following are the measurements of the Puritan and the Mayflower:

	Puritan.	Mayflower.
Length over all.....	95 feet.	100 feet.
Length on water line.....	80	85
Extreme beam.....	22.7	23.6
Least Freshboard.....	3.0	3.2
draught abaft stern.....	4.0	4.0
draught amidships.....	8.2	8.2
draught six-footpost.....	8.0	8.0
Area midship section.....	80 sq. ft.	82 sq. ft.
Displacement.....	105 tons.	110 tons.
draught six-footpost.....	37 tons.	37 tons.
Total ballast.....	46 tons.	46 tons.

The Mayflower's rudder is of locust, the backing being oak. The rudder is held together by metal through bolts. The fastenings of the vessel are copper bolts and locust trenails below, and galvanized iron bolts above. The step for the mast will be of cast iron, made to fit between the frames and it will be placed 1,300 pounds.

The mainmast is 63 feet from keel to head, and 63 feet from partners to hounds. It is 19 inches in diameter, and is made of Oregon pine. The bowsprit is also of Oregon pine, and it measures 38 feet outboard, and is 16 inches in diameter. The boom is 80 feet extreme length, and is 14 inches in diameter, the gaff 49 feet long, diameter 12 inches, and the topmast 46 feet long, 11 inches in diameter, all three being made of white pine. The lead keel weighs about 37 tons, and was cast to allow the centerboard to work through it. The keel is wider and deeper than the Puritan's, and weighs about 10 tons more. The centerboard is about 22 feet long, 10 feet deep and 4 inches thick.

The following is a schedule of the coming great rowing events: On May 22, Atlanta-Columbia 24-mile 8-oared match, on the Harlem, New York; May 22, Gallatin-Dempsey match, at Philadelphia, Pa.; May 24, Materson-Perkins match, on the Putney-Mortlake Course, England; May 29, Richards-Hell match, at Bellaire, O.; May 31, Harlem Regatta Association, annual spring regatta, New York; May 31, Boston Regatta exhibition, at Oak Point, N. Y.; June 4 and 5, Regatta at Toronto, Ont.; June 5, Atlanta-Columbia 4-mile, 8-oared match, on the Harlem; June 6, West End Rowing Club, regatta at Buffalo, N. Y.; June 12, Teemer-Gaudaur match; June 17, Enright-Griffin match, at Chautauque Lake, N. Y.; June 17, Jamaica Plain (Mass.) Boat Club spring regatta; June 19, eighth race for the Childs' Cup, at Philadelphia, Pa.; June 19, Teemer-Ross exhibition, at Lak. Memphis-magov, Va.; June 22 and 23, Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association, ninth annual regatta, at Holme, Ill.; June 24, Vesper Boat Club (Lowell, Mass.), annual regatta; June 25, Hanlan-Homer exhibition, at Lake St. Joseph, P. Q.; June 26, New York Athletic Club, annual regatta; June 26, Schuykill Navy, annual regatta; June 30, Hanlan-Homer exhibition at Pleasure Island, N. Y.; July 1, Hanlan Ross exhibition, at St. Johns, P. Q.; July 1 or 2, Yale-Harvard 8-oared match, at New London, Conn.; July 1 or 2, Intercollegiate Rowing Association, annual regatta, on Lake George, N. Y.; July 4, Queen City Rowing Club, regatta at Buffalo, N. Y.; July 5, Virginia State Amateur Rowing Association, annual regatta at Fredericksburg; July 5, Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association, twelfth annual open amateur regatta, at Newark, N. J.; July 5, Regatta at Boston, Mass.; July 5, Jamaica Plain (Mass.) Boat Club, summer regatta; July 8, Regatta at Lake Quinsigamond, Mass.; July 11, Mutual Rowing Club, regatta at Buffalo, N. Y.; July 13, annual 8-oared race for Sharpless cup, at Philadelphia, Pa.; July 15, regatta at Bay Ridge, near Baltimore, Md.; July 20, Minnesota and Winnipeg Amateur Rowing Association, first annual regatta, at St. Paul, Minn.; July 20, Iowa Amateur Rowing Association, annual regatta, at Spirit Lake; July 20 and 21, Fourteenth annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, at Albany, N. Y.; July 29, Buffalo Rowing Club, regatta at Buffalo, N. Y.; Sept. 5, Long Island Association of Amateur Oarsmen, first regatta, in Flushing Bay.

James Allen, formerly of New York, one of the first middle-weight pugilists of the country, is now in Denver, Col., and was met recently by the sporting commissioner of the Police Gazette. Referring to the palmy days of the ring and the present great revival of interest in fistie encounters, Allen gave a bit of entertaining personal history:

"I'm a jeweler by trade," said he, "and you'll probably wonder how I came to get away so far from my early profession. I was born at Dungarvan, Waterford county, Ireland, in January 1847. When old enough I was apprenticed to a jeweler to learn the business. I liked it, but I also like athletic sport, and I finally gave up my trade in order to give all my attention to sporting matters. In 1864 I came to America, and made a good many solid friends in New York and the East. The first fight I ever engaged in was with Tom Tindle, the English middle-weight champion. Tom came to America, and was anxious to meet any American for the championship. He couldn't make a match, however, and so gave an exhibition in New York, where it was admitted he would have a set to with Dooney Harris. I was there, hoping to see the Englishman bested, as he had done a terrible lot of blowing, and was disappointed when Dooney didn't show up. Then my friends wanted me to put on the gloves with Tindle, and thinking I was as good a man as he was I did it."

Allen here gave a vivid description of the bout, the wind up evidently being a hot one, and went on with his reminiscences.

"Well, the reports all put it that Tom got the worst of that turn, and he soon came out with a challenge to fight me with bare hands for \$500 a side. I took him up in a minute, and we met at Garrison Station, S. I., April 25, 1868. We fought 43 rounds, taking 1 hour and 17 minutes, and the battle was a desperate one. Tindle didn't answer at the forty-fourth call, and I was declared the winner. He never got over the fight, and died soon after."

Allen's next fight was with Tom Conden, of Baltimore, at Battle Island, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1869. The snow was a foot deep, and it was very cold, but about 1,000 spectators were present. Eight rounds were fought in 37 minutes, when Allen was declared the winner. In this mill Allen dislocated his left wrist in the sixth round, but he fought gamely to the end. After this he beat A. C. Butts at Johnstown, N. Y., fighting 5 rounds in 21 minutes. He met Butts again at Gloversville, N. Y., the referee making it a draw after 11 rounds in 35 minutes. He then fought Ed Clark at Gloversville, beating him in 4 rounds, in 12 minutes. At Meriden, Conn., he faced Johnson, a colored man, with gloves, beating him in 27 rounds, in 37 minutes, and at Bristol, Conn., he beat George Paff in a glove fight in 7 rounds, in 19 minutes. After this Allen was with Dooney Harris, Jim and Pooley Mac, the four giving exhibitions. He then took charge of the gymnasium at Grand Rapids, Mich., and when leaving was presented with a handsome gold medal by the members. While in Grand Rapids Allen covered himself with glory and popularity by saving several persons from drowning at Reed's lake. He then went to the Adrian (Mich.) gymnasium, then to Elkhart, Ind., then to Amboy, Ill., and recently leaving there for Chicago, where, he thinks he will settle down. He beat John Brooks, champion of California, Sept. 22, 1869, knocking him out in the third round, lasting 11 minutes. This was his last fight. Mr. Allen stands 5 feet 9½ inches, and when in condition weighs 145 pounds.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I heard a great discussion in the well-known sporting house of Byron Crox, recently, over the proposed match between Sullivan and Smith, which ended in a wrangle about the name of the present English champion. One party claimed that Smith was a curious name for a champion, while another quoted Shakespeare, and, using phrase "what's in a name?" claimed there had been a number of pugilists who reigned in the name of Smith.

One of the parties offered to bet \$20 that there had been over a dozen pugilists who boasted of the name of Smith. The argument ended in the former party betting the latter that Smith was a very uncommon name for a pugilist, and that there was not over a dozen men by the name of Smith who figured as principals in the prize ring.

I was referred to to settle the question, and I decided that there had been, to my knowledge, nearly seventy men by the name of Smith who gained reputation as pugilists.

"Know everything" disputed my decision, but when I decided to double J. B.'s bet he paid over the money.

Thinking many will doubt the statement that nearly seventy men by the name of Smith have fought in the prize ring, I desire to prove the assertion, and here is a page of my record about the Smiths, who have figured in the orthodox 24-foot ring.

The first boxer who reigned in the name of Smith flourished in London, England, eighty-eight years ago. His name was Stony Smith, and he flourished in 1779.

The following are the other Smiths: 1788, Jared Smith; Smith, the waterman; Smith, of Horsford; Smith, the Gravesend plemmer; Harry Smith, who beat Joe Burke, of Woolwich, England, in 1828; Tom Smith, the Sailor Boy, of East London, who was a champion middle weight, who fought eleven battles against such men as Owen Swift, Barney Aaron, Brighton Bill and Harry Jones.

Harry Smith, Hen Smith, Dolly Smith, who engaged in five battles; Jim Smith, Thomas Smith, Ned Smith, who fought eight battles; Tom Smith, who was beaten by Harry Hughes; Smith, the Gravesend Pet; Larry Smith, who beat Tom Woodwards, Aug. 22, 1842; Tom Smith, who fought six desperate battles in 1845; Billy Smith, Peter Smith, Tom Smith, the Dale End Pet; Roger Smith, of Oldham, who beat the Star-bright Chicken; Smith, of Lewes; Lucky Smith, of Coventry, who fought six battles.

Paddy Smith, who was beaten by Evan Elles of Buckley at Woking, England, July 24, 1849; Tom Smith, the Westminster Lad; Bill Smith, beaten by Robert Smith, Lamb's novice; Joe Smith, Jack Smith, Tom Smith, John Smith, Joe Smith, George Smith, who fought five battles.

Smith of Derby, who fought a draw with Cowlshaw; Smith a miner, beaten by Whalley; Tom Smith, beaten by Welsh; Tom Smith, who beat Caythorn in 1844; Ben Smith, who was beaten by Bill Valentine and fought three other battles in 1827; Bill Smith, alias "Turker"; Bill Smith, who was beaten by Levi Eckerley; Bob Smith, who received a forfeit from Joe Ward in 1840; George Smith, who was beaten by Tom Snow twice; Harry Smith of Walsall, who fought five battles.

Bob Smith of Stafford, who fought nine battles; Smith of Manchester; Sam Smith, who was beaten by J. Smith of Manchester; Smith, who fought a draw with Eden; Herbert Smith, who was beaten by Hawkes; Peter Smith, who beat Ellis; Tom Smith (the Chequer) of Leeds, who fought six battles; Bill Smith, who beat Baylis; John Smith, who fought a draw with Ball; Smith, who was beaten by Benson; John Smith (the Brighton Doctor) who was a first-class pugilist and fought six battles.

Dick Smith, who was beaten by Jem Mason; Jack Smith, who beat Martin; Smith, who was beaten by Dan Morris; Jonathan Smith, who was beaten by Kelly; Isaac Smith, who was beaten by Ingram; Jen Smith, beaten by Wilkinson; Jack Smith, who was beaten by Bill Owen; John Smith, of Stamford, who was beaten by Jem Mason; Smith (alias Wolf); Jack Smith, of Portsmouth, who fought six battles; Bob Smith of Liverpool, Eng.; Harry Smith, who was beaten by Lee; Edward Smith, who was beaten by Jones; Jack Smith, of Blackburn; Jem Smith, of Derby; Joe Smith, beaten by Milnes; Fred Smith, of Australia, and James Smith, of Manchester.

The main topic in sporting circles is whether Sullivan will agree to go to Ireland to meet Smith, or whether the latter will cross the sea and meet America's champion on his own soil.

Smith is credited with stating that it is about time an American pugilist should come to England to fight for the championship. If Smith made such a remark, and I doubt it, he must be very ignorant of prize ring chronology.

No English champion ever came to this country to fight the representative champion. It is well known that Joe Wormald, Tom Allen, Ned O'Baldwin, Jem Mace and Joe Goss came to America, but they only came on a speculation, not with the intention of meeting the champion. Wormald and Allen came over to live under the stars and stripes, while Ned O'Baldwin came over expressly to fight Joe Wormald. Mace came over to make money, and declared on his arrival he had retired.

Joe Goss was brought over later by Mace to match him against Tom Allen, so, technically speaking, there never was an English champion come direct to this country to meet the representative champion of America in a regular prize ring encounter. John C. Heenan, after rallying a match, did cross the Atlantic to meet Tom Sayers, while Joe Coburn, when he held the title, did cross to Ireland to meet Jem Mace, but not until after a match was arranged. So Smith will see the foot is on the other leg.

By the way, in 1809, Tom Molineux, the tremendous man of color, as he was styled, unknown, unprotected and uninformed, left this country for England.

He descended from a warlike hero, and he felt all the animating spirit of his courageous sire, and left his native soil in quest of glory and renown.

Distance created no obstacles, nor the raging seas were an impediment to his heroic views, and like the daring adventurer who suffers nothing to thwart his purposes Molineux went to England as an open and bold competitor for boxing fame, and he challenged the proudest heroes to hostile combat.

On July 24, 1810, at Tothill Fields, London, the colored pugilist beat Burrows of Bristol, a man of robust form, who towered over six feet in his shoes, in one hour.

He punished his opponent so severely that it was impossible to distinguish a single feature in the Bristol champion's face.

He then beat Tom Blake, at Margate, Aug. 21, 1810, knocking him out in 8 rounds, and then fought Tom Cribb for the championship of England.

Cribb's battle with America's colored representative was fought on Dec. 18, 1810, at East Gristead, Sussex. It was won by Cribb in 35 minutes, and out-herded all former exhibitions of gluttony and determination.

On Sept. 23, 1811, the American black again fought Cribb for \$1,000, and 20,000 spectators were present, and Cribb won in 19 minutes 10 seconds.

It was on this battle that Capt. Allardice Barclay is said to have won \$50,000.

Judging by these facts, Molineux is the first American pugilist who fought in England, and seventy-six years have passed since he first trod Albion's shores.

It has been observed of Dempsey, in reference to other men, that few pugilists have appeared but what have been distinguished for some peculiar trait of excellence appertaining to the art of self-defense; some for superior strength, others for intuitive science, and many for extraordinary bottom; but Dempsey has the whole of them united in one person. Dempsey's agility is truly astonishing, and there are few men, if any, that can jump backwards further in a ring, while in science, stamina, wrestling ability and strength he is equally gifted.

Fortune has been propitious to Dempsey's views, and he has not been unkind of her favors.

No matter how terrific and formidable the pugilist may appear in combat, yet the same individual may be tempered with those sensibilities which make mankind valuable and interesting.

The hitherto rude and massive piece of stone obscured by the dirt, when removed and polished by the hands of the sculptor ultimately becomes the finished and beautiful statue, attracting the gaze and admiration of all who witness so exquisite a production, and which but for the mind of the artist, who saw the figure in stone, it must have remained unmeaning and unnoticed.

Human nature, however harsh the term may appear, without some degree of intellect can only be viewed as little better than a mere piece of clay.

The general would never acquire greatness—the poet sublimity—the senator independence—the painter excellence—the architect grandeur—the pugilist bravery—or the historian impartiality if they merely passed over objects as they first presented themselves, either fascinatingly elegant or most horribly deformed, without the application of a lively and appropriating mind.

Highland Stock Farm, a noted horse-breeding establishment at Lee, Mass., thus describes a feeding box used for the young colts on the farm, which he says is something of a novelty, and could be adopted with profit by any Northern breeder.

It is one continuous box, built against the stable walls, which form one side of the box. The bottom is about 1 foot in width and on a level with the ground floor.

The side next the colts is about 2 feet in height and built upon an angle with the bottom, so that at the top the box is about 2 feet in width.

Against the walls of the stable, about on a level with the top of the feed box, is a girth some 6 inches in width. To this girth is nailed a narrow strip of board, which projects about 2 inches above the girth, forming a shallow trough, in which the colts' grain is placed. Every one who has observed a horse or colt eating oats has noticed that a portion of the grain is dropped from the mouth, and if allowed to fall in the dirt considerable must be wasted.

By the above simple device the grain which the colts drop falls into the box which holds their hay, and as it has a tight bottom the grain is all saved and eaten, thus preventing considerable waste. The manager at Highland is an advocate of liberal feeding, so as to keep the colts growing from the start.

Their pasture, particularly those in which mare's suckling foals are kept, contain an abundance of rich grass. Occasionally a mare is a very scanty milker, and in such cases ground oats and wheat bran are fed in sufficient quantities to cause her to supply the wants of the growing foal and keep it in a thrifty condition.

After weaning, and during the first winter, each foal is fed from three to four quarts of oats and about the same quantity of wheat bran daily. Mr. Davis has learned from experience that good sound oats are as harmless as hay for growing foals which have plenty of exercise. The hay used is of the best, and consumed in sufficient quantities to properly develop the stomach and insure a well-proportioned animal when matured.

A referee in all matches, competitions and contests, in my opinion should be an impartial person, one thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the said contest and in the habit of doing his own thinking, the ability to think and act promptly, the firmness to maintain and enforce his decision, and the manhood to resist browbeating and intimidation.

I was present at a foot-ball match some time ago, where the referee was timorous and uneasy as a cat in a strange garret. He was exasperatingly slow in giving his decisions and sometimes made one announcement and a few seconds later changed it apparently in obedience to the suggestions, or rather commands of one of the judges, he allowed the captains and judges to over-ride, bulldoze and insult him with perfect impunity.

He was totally unfamiliar with the rules, and when called upon to interpret and apply them, was compelled to stop and read the book.

He declared the ball was in play when it was out and out of play when it was in.

He judged men off side when they were on side, and on side when they were off side. He refused to disqualify a player who deliberately assaulted an adversary, and subsequently ejected from the field a player who had committed no offence, because another player had assailed one of his opponents. He refused to credit the side with a goal when it was as fairly kicked as any one ever scored.

And finally, having already stolen the game from one club by refusing to allow an indisputable goal, he robs the other club of victory by a decision which is supported by neither precedent, law nor common sense.

And yet this referee claimed that he was a gentleman and a graduate of Harvard College.

It is to be hoped that this gentleman has retired permanently to the private station he is so peculiarly fitted to adorn, and hereafter avoid meddling with affairs for whose proper conduct he is so conspicuously incompetent.

Most heroes of the fist are too apt to forget the numerous knock-down blows and dreadful bruises which they have received in climbing up to the daring height of champion, and that one fatal blow can hurl them from the high precipice-level them with the ground—and wrest that hard-earned title from their brows. A hero of the orthodox 24-foot ring should bear in mind that in becoming the mighty champion of the world (enviable sound), they appear as a public mark to hit at, and whoever throws down the gauntlet, whether in possession of youth, in opposition, to their age, superior strength or science, they must pick it up; and, if they mean to continue in their elevated state, wear it.

In looking over the prize ring chronology from Figg's time, I find very few men who followed the prize ring, died in the possession of the championship; and, however desperate and chequered the road may be to procure the title, the difficulty rests in keeping it. I have known many instances that the smiles of victory have often blinded and ruined many by plunging them into excess and gayety, instead of being tremblingly alive to their future fame.

It is my opinion that sobriety will prove the boxers' best friend, and they should endeavor never to turn their back upon so invaluable a monitor; and that in gaining fresh acquaintance, which their success will naturally occasion, they will find no better one than investigating the science again and again, whereby they may discover some new stop or hit that was unknown to them before.

Latest Sporting.

Imported Richmond is still being heavily backed to win the City and Suburban.

Another Australian sculler, C. Nelson, has arrived in London and begun practice on the Thames.

It now transpires that there is no certainty of Sullivan and Mitchell meeting in Chicago on June 7.

Frank Hayes, the well-known boxer, of Colorado, has started his business at Butte City, and keeps a road house.

Tommy Warren is to meet Nolan, the Eastern feather weight, the night of the Burke-Mitchell set, and not at Lake man's benefit, as stated.

The trotting horse Budd Pulford defeated John S. Prince, the bicyclist, in a 10-mile race at Minneapolis, Minn., on May 4. Time 38 minutes 37 seconds.

Harry Robinson, the English swimmer, is in Tarrytown preparing to swim across the Hudson from Tarrytown to Nyack in 1 hour 45 minutes, for a wager of \$500.

Miss Annie Oakley, the champion female rifle shot of the world, is now with Buffalo Bill's combination. She has challenged Dr. F. W. Carver to shoot at 100 pigeons for \$500 a side.

The glove contest between Jack Fogarty and George La Blanche was declared off on May 5. The show that Fogarty made with Ellingsworth scared the Marine, and one of his hands is sore.

A match is to be arranged at Troy between Tom Cleary of Albany, who was knocked out by Hartford Dave and "Blake" Powers, to box to a finish Jem Lynch, the well-known boxer of Albany, N. Y.

At Waukegan, Wis., recently the rifle match between Hans Gosh of Milwaukee and Charles Mao of Canada, for \$500 a side. The contest was the result of a challenge by Gosh open to the United States or Canada, and was won by him by a score of 846 to 837.

At Boston, on May 5, Jimmy Carroll of Northampton, and Tommy McManus of Lowell fought according to Queensbury rules for a purse. In the third round McManus claimed a foul, but the referee would not award the claim and McManus refused to fight any longer. The referee then declared Carroll the winner.

Thomas H. Connery, of Trenton, N. J., writes that he will match Jack McBride, of Trenton, to meet George Williams for any part of \$500, with two-ounce gloves, L. P. R. rules, to a finish, McBride to weigh 133 pounds; each man to have the privilege of having ten men at the ring side; fight to come off before June 1.

Parson Davies received a telegram recently from Evan Lewis at Madison, Wis., in which the latter accepts Muldoon's offer to throw him (Lewis) twice within an hour or forfeit the entire net gate receipts of the house. Lewis refers Muldoon to his manager, the Parson, for an arrangement of the articles. Concerning Capt. Daly's challenge for a catch-as-catch-can match, Lewis will not accept it until he has heard further from Muldoon.

At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 5, the Fountain Gun Club shot for club prizes. Dr. Wynn won 1 class A, killing six out of seven from the 28-yard mark. In class B, C. S. Kendall, 25 yards; C. Chappell, 25 yards, and H. McLoughlin, 24 yards, each killed six out of seven. Kendall, in the shooting-off killed three straight and won. In class C, W. Stuart, 24 yards killed six out of seven, and won the prize. This is his third consecutive victory this season.

At Chicago recently the wrestling match for a gold medal at catch-as-catch-can wrestling between Messrs. S. A. Ribella and Dr. C. G. Plummer. Two former contests had resulted in a draw, and a lively bout was expected. Plummer, however, did not show up, and the medal was awarded to Ribella. It was stated that the Farragut Boat Club, of which Plummer is a member, had prevailed upon him not to wrestle, fearing that he might incapacitate himself for appearing in the coming regatta of the club.

At the Chester, Eng., race meeting, on May 6, the race for the great Chebire handicap stakes was won by Mr. A. Boucholt's five-year-old bay mare Perdita II. Mr. S. H. Handford's four-year-old chestnut colt Master Sam came in second, and Mr. Vyners' four-year-old bay filly Alb third. There were seven starters. The race for the Dee stakes, for three-year-olds, had only three starters. The Duke of Westminster's black colt Ceratone won, with the Duke of Portland's bay colt Arcadian second, and Sir R. Jardine's bay colt, by Springfield, out of Lady Lucas, third.

The great race for the famous Chester Cup was run on May 5, at Chester, England. The distance was two miles and a quarter. Gen. Owen Williams' Cohort started favorite at 3 to 1 but failed to get a place. The starting prices for the others were 5 to 1 Eastern Emperor, 8 to 1 Beaver, and 20 to 1 Sir Hamo. After a good race the Duke of Beaufort's 5-year-old horse Eastern Emperor won by half a length from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Beaver, he four lengths better than Lord Bradford's Sir Hamo.

SUMMARY.
The Duke of Beaufort's grh Eastern Emperor, 5, by Strathmoan, dam Anhora, 114.
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b c Beaver, 5, by Sir Bevy's, dam Atholree, 92.
Lord Bradford's ch c Sir Hamo, 5, by Bertram or Zenot, dam Manoeuvre, 86.
Six others ran, including Gen. Owen Williams' b h Cohort, 6, by Vespasian, at 114.

The proposed race between Joseph Laing, of Montreal, ex-champion amateur sculler, and James A. Ten Eyck, of Worcester, is now an assured fact. Laing's first deposit of \$200 has been covered by Ten Eyck, and the following articles of agreement have been signed:

1. We, the undersigned, James A. Ten Eyck, of Worcester, Mass., and Joseph Laing, of Montreal, Canada, hereby agree to row a 3-mile race with a turn, in best and best boats, on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, on May 31, 1886, for \$500 a side, Mr. Ten Eyck agreeing to allow Mr. Laing \$50 for expenses.
2. We each here with deposit \$200 with the aquatic editor of the Boston Herald, on whom we also agree as final stakeholder.
3. The referee will be mutually agreed upon hereafter.
4. In the event of our failing to agree on a referee, he will be appointed by the stakeholder.
5. The final deposit of \$300 a side to be posted not later than May 27, 1886.
6. Race to be started by pistol shot after previous warning.
7. Turning buoys to be placed in position (20 yards apart) 24 hours before the start of the race.
8. Race to be governed by the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen when they do not conflict with any of the above.

WITNESSES FOR LAING.
JOHN J. TOOMEY,
J. N. STEWART,
J. E. BROWNE, Witness for Ten Eyck.

WITNESSES FOR TEN EYCK.
JOHN J. TOOMEY,
J. N. STEWART,
J. E. BROWNE, Witness for Ten Eyck.

If Dr. F. W. Carver or A. H. Bogardus are ready to arrange a match for \$1,000 or \$2,000 and the pigeon shooting championship of America, they will have an opportunity. Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, who was on a short visit to this country last January, and won several matches before he went back to England, has returned to this country. Graham, it is understood, arrived May 5. He called at the Police Gazette office May 8. He said he was very eager to shoot against any man in America, and issued the following challenge. Graham said: "I am ready to shoot all comers," and penned the following reply to Bogardus' debt:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
I have seen a challenge from Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the ex-champion wing shot of America, to shoot against me for \$500 or \$5,000. Allow me to state that I stand ready to shoot a match against America's ex-champion upon the following terms. The stakes to be \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint the referee. Each to shoot at 100 birds—pigeons, of course—31 yards rise, from five traps, either London Gun Club, or Hurlingham rules, with 12-bore guns not to weigh more than eight pounds. These terms are fair, and I shall be ready to meet Bogardus any time he chooses to name at the Police Gazette office, to sign articles. To prove I mean business I have posted \$500 forfeit.

Wm. GRAHAM.
Champion One-hand Wingshot of the World.

P. S.—If these terms do not suit, the challenge is open to any man in the world.
Graham is carried away with Jem Smith, the English champion, and says he has backers who have plenty of money and belong to the upper class of sporting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the Police Gazette, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

J. W.—Yes.
J. S. Kansas City.—No.
W. J. St. Paul, Minn.—No.
L. M. G., Bristol, Vt.—Yes.
L. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Yes.
S. N. T., Roonville, Mo.—Sixes.
D. S. H., New Brunswick, N. J.—No.
S. A. T., Des Moines.—He makes two points.
W. G., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Fifty-two years of age.
SPORT, Brooklyn.—In Chicago, and Sullivan won.
O., New York.—Address a letter to Dion Boucicault.
D. G., Columbus, Ohio.—Send for "The American Athlete."
N. B.—Several answers to correspondents are held over for the next issue.

W. C. V., Pleasant Hill, Mo.—We will use the portrait when opportunity offers.
J. DeF., Rapid City, Dakota.—The money must be returned for the wager is a draw.

J. W., Boston.—If we knew which horse would win the Kentucky Derby we would inform you.
J. G. A., Omaha, Neb.—The proper way to spell Queensberry is not Queensbury, but Queensberry.

J. G. B., Bismarck, D. T.—Send for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

MAXIMILIAN, Chicago.—Richard Pennell was living in Philadelphia when we last heard of him.

D. J. Jones, Austin, Lander Co., Nevada.—The French band won the first prize at the Centennial.

C. C. H., Garrettsville, Ohio.—1. In a game of pool if a player holes all the balls he makes 120. 2. He must make 40.

Five Gas Mavens, Chicago.—Broadway, does not cross every avenue in New York. It runs parallel with West street, New York.

D. J., Indianapolis.—Dick Hollywood's, the retired feather-weight champion of America, address is West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

J. H. B.—Hutchins, the English sprinter, has run 300 yards in 30 seconds, B consequently loses. He made the time when he won a 300-yard handicap at Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 2, 1884.

J. C., Portland, Me.—1 No. 2. Medicines are generally relied upon too much, and administered with a bill-dial that often does harm, by trainers. 3. Send for the "American Athlete."

S. G., Louisville, Ky.—Virgil had fifty-one representatives on the turf in 1885. They started in 446 races, of which number they won 56, ran second in 74 and third in 55. In 1881 Virgil was second, on the list of winning sires with \$77,590, a large portion of which was earned by his great son Hindoo. That year he had only twenty-five sons and daughters performing, and they won forty-six of the 206 races in which they started. The following year his get did not do as well, for although there was an increase of ten in number, they won but 56 races out of 343 starts, their earnings amounting to \$45,750. Virgil's 1876 record is his best. In that year he had only five representatives, but they won 20 of the 43 races in which they started and rolled up a sum total of \$38,005. Virgil's other years are summarized as follows: 1877, 7 representatives won 23 races out of 95 starts, winning \$21,385; 1878, 10 representatives won 12 races out of 66 starts, winning \$6,615; 1879, 9 representatives won 15 races out of 77 starts, winning \$4,935; 1880, 16 representatives won 33 races out of 150 starts, winning \$18,037; 1883, 31 representatives won 24 races out of 264 starts winning \$12,541, and 1884, when he was twelfth on the list of winning sires with 34 representatives, which won 40 races out of 291 starts and a sum total of \$36,277.

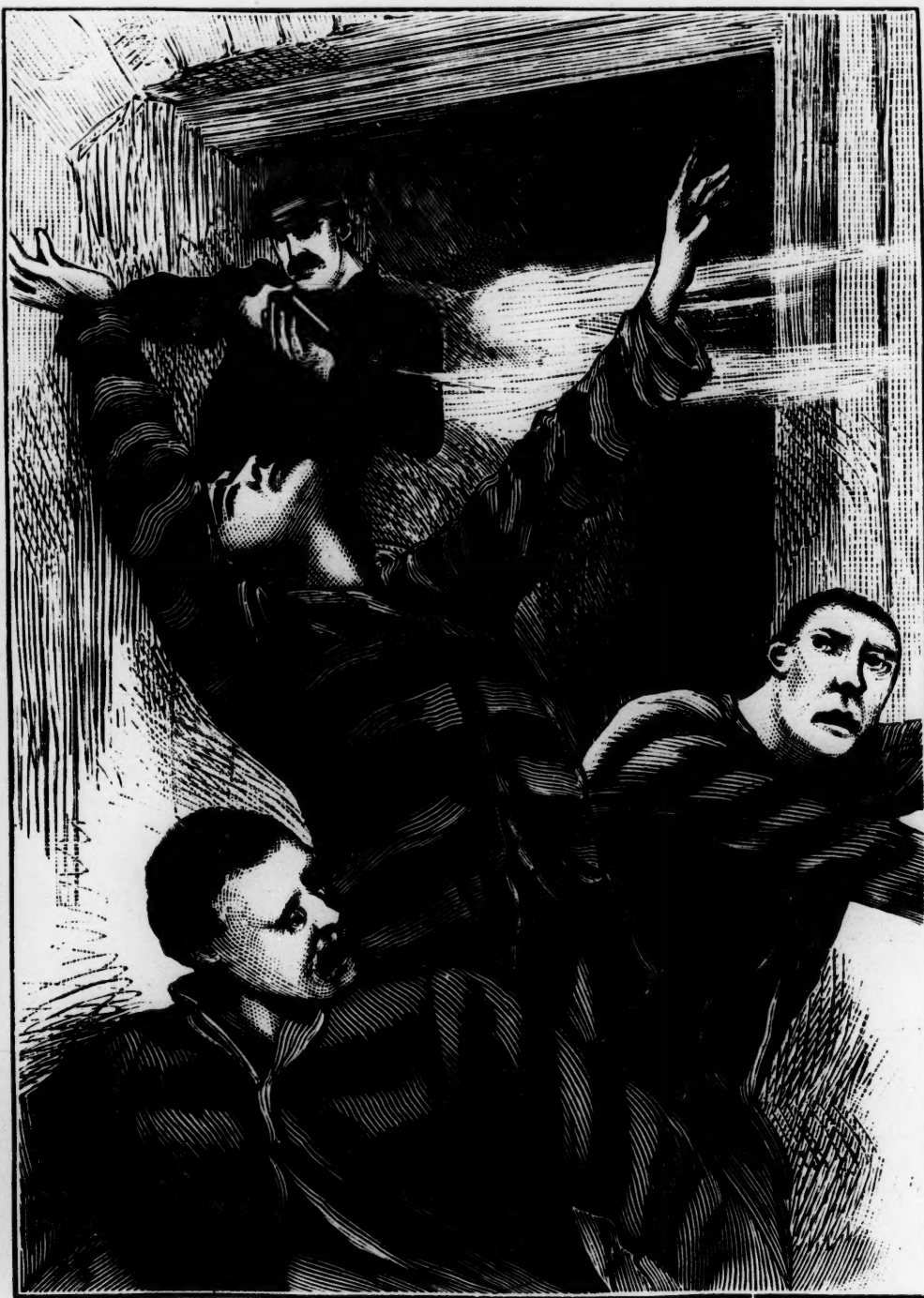
D. C., Cleveland, Ohio.—John Morrissey was born in Ireland, on Feb. 5, 1831. He first learned how to become a pugilist in barroom fights in New York. His first battle in the prize ring was with George Thompson, Hyer's favorite trainer, in San Francisco. They met in Mare Island, near Sausalito, Cal., on Aug. 31, 1852. Eleven rounds were fought in 15 minutes, and Thompson, it is said, had none the worst of the contest, when he struck Morrissey a foul blow and lost the fight. Thompson afterward declared that Morrissey's friends at the ring became so hostile and excited that he struck the blow deliberately. A few months after Morrissey's return to New York, in 1852, he fought an antagonist in Yankee Sullivan. The stakes were \$1,000 a side. They met at Euston Corners, on Oct. 12, 1853. Morrissey's face, after a few rounds, was pounded in the nose and appearance of a raw beefsteak. By all precedents of human endurance, he was whipped in 10 rounds. In one of these rounds at least a dozen "facers" fell unreturned to his share. He became so weak he could hardly stand. He could not raise his hands high enough to make an efficient guard, and yet in the thirty seventh round his "second wind" came to his aid, and he began the most damaging rally that he had made during the battle. Rushing Sullivan to the ropes, he administered a terrible pounding, which the latter could not avoid by his favorite ruse of "dropping." When the round ended the seconds and umpires began a wrangle, which ended in a free fight. Sullivan was still fresh enough to take a hand in, and became so closely engaged that he did not hear the referee's call of time. Two minutes elapsed, and Sullivan did not toe the scratch, and the referee gave the stakes and fight to Morrissey, although he was the worst punished man. His next battle was with John C. Heenan, on Oct. 20, 1857, at Long Point, Canada, for \$2,500 and the championship. The fight lasted 21 minutes, and was a terrific one. At the end of the eleventh round Heenan's seconds threw up the sponge. Morrissey was, during the latter years of his life, a noted politician.

S. H. B., Baltimore.—The following is the record of Arthur Norris, who is coming to America to run George. Arthur Norris was born at Brentwood, in Essex, stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches high, and weighs in condition 8 stone 12 pound. He won a 250-yard, also 600-yard race, at Pilgrim's Hatch, Aug. 4, 1879; won a 2-mile race at Brentwood, Aug. 30, 1880; won a 1-mile race at Ongar, Oct. 12; ran second to Kirby in a 1-mile handicap at Ongar, Oct. 12; a 1-mile handicap at Lambeth Baths, Jan. 10, 1881; ran fourth in a 4-mile handicap at Balham (won by Kirby), Easter Monday, 1881; ran second to Roderick in a 1-mile handicap at Chelsea Baths, Dec. 19, 1881; ran fourth in Sporting Life's 2-mile handicap (won by N. Cox), March 31, 1882; ran second to H. Hutchinson, of Hastings, in a half-mile handicap at Hastings, May 29; won 4 miles handicap at Hastings, May 30; won 4-mile handicap, also finished third in 1 mile, Chatteris, July 10; won 1 mile at Penge, July 22; won half-mile handicap at Pilgrim's Hatch, Aug. 7; won Hails and Coulthard's 1-mile handicap at Bow, Nov. 27, 1882; won 1 mile at Little Bridge, May 14, 1883; with 15 seconds start beat Kirby by 5 yards, for 23 a side, once round Regent's Park, June 4, 1883; won half-mile, also finished second in 1 and 4 miles, at Chatteris, July 11; won 1 mile and a half-hour's go-as-you-please, at Billericay, July 19; with 5 seconds start, was beaten by Kirby by a yard in a 3-mile race at Bow, for £10 a side, Aug. 4; won half-mile race at Pilgrim's Hatch, Aug. 8; won a 4 mile, at Folkestone, Aug. 18; ran second to Howard in 4 miles, at Crawley, Aug. 28; won a 4-mile from scratch, at Kewal Green, Sept. 8; ran second in 1 mile, at Ongar, October 12; ran second to R. Clarke in 5 miles, at Lambeth Baths, March 10, 1884; won 4 miles, at Tottenham, April 19; won 3 miles, at Staleybridge, May 31, 1884; ran fourth in 3 miles, at Canterbury, June 3; won 2 miles, at Chatteris, July 9; won 1 mile, at Gravesend, August 4; won 2-mile handicap, at Crawley, August 26; won 1 mile, at Ongar, Oct. 13; won H. Steele's Ten-Mile Championship Belt of London, Oct. 27 (time, 54 minutes 33 1/2 seconds); ran second in half a mile, at Lambeth Baths, Nov. 24; won a match against time, from the Rowley Arms, Hampstead, on the Spanishs and back, doing the distance in 12 minutes, 59.3.5 seconds, winning by 1.3.5 seconds; from scratch, ran unplaced in 20-mile handicap (won by Warner) 3 1/4 laps start, April 11, 1885; won 10 miles, at Westminster Aquarium, May 12; ran second to G. Humdon, at Faverham, May 28; ran second to G. Humdon, at Canterbury, May 27; won half-mile, 2 miles, and finished second in 1 mile, at Chatteris, July 8; won half-mile, 2 miles, half-mile hurdle and third in 2 miles walking, at Billericay, July 23; won half-mile and 1 mile, at Tufnell Park, Aug. 3; won 1 mile, at Ewell, Aug. 20; with 40 yards start, ran third in 2 miles, at Crawley (won by Warner, 175 yards); Aug. 25; unplaced in Fletcher's £5 4-mile sweepstakes, at Manchester, Sept. 19, 1885; Feb. 15, 1886, he beat Edward Warner running 20 miles, and covered the 17.18 and 19 miles in the best time on record, 1 hour, 36 minutes, 7 seconds, 1 hour, 42 minutes, 36 seconds, 1 hour, 49 minutes, 15 seconds.



GOING TO GLORY.

THE LAST PRAYER AT THE EXECUTION OF THE SELF-CONFESSED WIFE MURDERER GEORGE W. CARROLL AT SEARCY, ARK.



A DASH FOR LIBERTY.

FOUR DESPERADOES BY A PRECONCERTED SCHEME SUCCEED IN GETTING AWAY FROM THE JAIL IN COWLEY COUNTY, KANSAS.



BAUM & COE.

A WELL-KNOWN CRIMINAL DESPERADO, DETECTED IN A BURGLARY BY A GALLANT AMATEUR ATHLETE FIRES TO KILL, AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—WITH PORTRAIT OF BAUM.



Dee. Mulligan. Gooderson. Hartman. Towart. Parroy. Graney. Dalrymple. Whelan. Burns.

A GALLANT GROUP.

THE CHAMPION AMATEUR BASEBALL PLAYERS OF NEW YORK WHO ARE ALL MEMBERS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.



SHE EGGED HIM ON.

MRS. GEORGE HARTING, OF ELWOOD, INDIANA, MAKES THINGS RATHER LIVELY FOR EDITOR ROY HANNAH OF THAT TOWN.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



Thomas Forster.

Our portrait this week is that of Thomas Forster, of this city, who is now playing with the Metropolitan Club of Staten Island. "Tommy" is an out-and-out New Yorker, having been born and raised in this city. He commenced his baseball career with amateur clubs in Central Park, and attracted so much attention by his fine work as an all-round player that he was induced to join some of the local gate-moneyed amateur, or rather semi-professionals. His excellent work, both behind the bat and at second base, soon became noticeable, and in 1882 he received his first professional engagement with the Philadelphia Club, and remained with them during the greater portion of the season, when he was released and picked up by the Detroit Club. He drifted into the Northwestern League in 1883 and played with the Saginaw Club until the latter part of the season, when he joined the Alleghenys, of Pittsburgh. He played with the Milwaukeees during the season of 1884, and remained with them until they disbanded in 1885, when he joined the Metropolitans with whom he has remained ever since. Forster is a trustworthy, earnest player, and ranks well in his position. He is a great favorite with the admirers of the game, and is very popular with all the players. The trouble Forster had in Newark this spring with Burns, was an unprovoked affair, and was the result of a dispute which occurred at the Polo Grounds the year previous. Forster is in every respect a little gentleman and a player who knows his place on or off the ball field.

Dave Rowe is finding the ball in great shape for Kansas City.

Barnie still lives, even if he did lose the great and only Sam Barkly.

Getzline anticipates doing something startling with his new drop ball.

It used to be batting that counted, but now it seems to be base running.

Mutrie says he will win six of the twelve games on this trip if it takes a leg.

Rolschlager and Jack Nelson are numbered among the early spring cripples.

The Washingtons are hurrying the League clubs this season more than a little bit.

Good beer always has a telling effect. Morris, of the Pittsburghs, is getting awfully fat.

Manager Watkins is working the player's bench racket in the most improved style.

From present indications the Newark will not have a walk-over when they strike Jersey City.

The Bridgeports have muzzled that "Wild" catcher from the Jaspers, of Manhattan College.

The spring exhibition games between the St. Louis Browns and Maroons proved a very lucrative speculation.

Barnie don't care whether school keeps or not; he has a stiff team and one that is paying big, financially.

The style in which the Brooklyn are playing this season is more than a crumb of comfort to President Byrne.

The Harvard College boys are counting on a walk-over this season, but their hopes may possibly be blasted.

Kilroy has been Barnie's right bower so far this season, as he has pulled the Baltimores out of many a tight place.

Mickey Welch's shadow is now pitching for the Buffaloes, and Jack Chapman has an idea he is going to prove a wonder.

This is about the time that the worthless material is dropped by one organization and picked up by another of still lighter calibre.

What a dandy job it must be to sew on the covers of the five million baseballs it is estimated that are being made for the present season.

From the constant puffery in "Sporting Life" one would imagine that the editor of that journal was the proprietor of the Cincinnati Club.

Caylor is the "Jonah" of the Cincinnati Club, and the team will never amount to anything so long as they stick to that living skeleton.

Our giants dwindled down into mere pigmies when they confronted the Philadelphia during their first two games of the championship series.

The dubs that are betting that the New Yorks will not finish as high this season as they did last, will be hedging in great shape in about a month or so.

The Bostonians did not seem to remain long in a quandary in reference to Tommy Poorman, as they rammed him into the first nine from the very start.

The champion St. Louis Browns are finding the ball and making the circuit this season with, if anything, more dexterity than they displayed last season.

Old Juice Latham is still one of the high kickers, and the umpire relieved him of a ten-dollar note in a recent game while he was doing the can-can act.

What is the matter with Smith, the crack short-stop of the Brooklyn Club? Can it be that the society in the "City of Churches" is too rich for his blood?

Sutcliffe will find that jumping from Denver to Augusta cannot be done with impunity, and he will in all probability get the black-list by way of refreshment.

If the St. Louis Browns fail to scoop the pennant this season, there will be no torchlight procession next fall, unless it be with the team tarred and feathered.

The Newark officials are not getting left, as they have taxed their club two dollars for every game they play in that city. It is put in the shape of a license, you know.

The Detroit pride themselves upon their not having any toughs in their ranks. We saw them when they passed through New York. They had pug dogs with them.

The New York heelers were going to make a clean sweep with their brooms, but it was amusing to see them take a sneak without their brooms at the close of the game.

Cushman came within an ace of breaking Burch's wrist May 9, when he hit him with a pitched ball. As it is, it may take him some days to get over the injury he sustained.

The Bridgeports have taken a drop, and have commenced the releasing act. St. Lawrence and Hendricks have been shipped, and the rest of the dubs are soon to follow suit.

When Manager Gifford denies that cliquism or dissension prevails in his club, he either don't know what he is talking about or is perverting to conceal his mismanagement.

What is the matter with the "only" Nolan? Certainly he has not taken to drink in Savannah, as he was never known to do any holing before in his entire baseball career.

The Meridens thought they had a good one in Handshue, but they were badly taken in. While the name was good enough to stop a clock, it wasn't worth a cuss when it came to stopping a ball.

Mike Scanlon made a great mistake in shipping Mike Hines, but the Charlesons did not lose much time in scooping him in. The Washingtons will be in great luck if they get a man half as good to fill his place.

It is said that "Goldie," the once well-known Chicago twirler, is now mixing drinks in a gin mill. If he is as good behind the bar as he used to be before it he must be one of the very best in the business.

The Cincinnati Club are now in search of a pitcher that cannot be hit. He will be a pretty hard man to find, and when they get him they will make more money out of him by exhibiting him in a glass case.

The New Yorks will play twelve games on their present Western tour, and if they don't at least win six of them they had better make up their minds to remain in the West, for no one will recognize them if they return.

The great Norman L. Baker mistook Umpire Green for a "chump," but he came near falling into a fit when that gentleman showed him that his nature had nothing to do with his name by placing a \$50 fine on the fly Baker.

The Boston people have not given up the idea that their club is going to win the championship. They had better take our tip and not back their crazy opinions up with their hard cash, or they won't even be able to eat beans next winter.

Horace Phillips is beefing around about the Pittsburgh papers not giving him a fair deal. He will keep on grumbling until some of the papers will get at him and give him a turning over that he will be liable to remember for some time to come.

Dundon, the Nashville deaf mute pitcher was rude enough to refuse to make a speech, when called upon by the assemblage, after having been presented with a floral pyramid. He looked as though he would like to say something, and the crowd all hallooed, "Louder, louder."

It was a great disappointment to Manager Mutrie that he did not get Denny, especially since that gentleman has been dubbed "Home-run Jerry" by the St. Louis people. "Truthful" says he would have stolen Denny had he not been handcuffed while that excellent player was at large.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES AND CATTLE.

TOBIAS' DERRY CONDITION POWDERS are WARRANTED SUPERIOR to any other or no pay. They are innocent to give and are used by PROMINENT HORSEMEN and CATTLE RAISERS. Only 25 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray st., New York, where the FAMILY and HORSE VENETIAN LINIMENT can be obtained.

WHERE TO SPEND THE SUMMER.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company has ready for issue an *Illustrated Guide Book* of its Harlem Division, containing descriptions of the numerous attractive summer resorts on the line of the *Harlem Railroad*, and all information naturally desired by those seeking country homes or board for the summer. Copies mailed on application to

D. M. KENDRICK, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Depot, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the *POLICE GAZETTE* at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.
Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tanbark circle.
Secrets of the Stage; or, the Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.
Great Art is of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.
Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous imposters.
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes.
Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes.
Great Crimes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations.
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.
Heavenly Chimes. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.
Guiteau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.
Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.
Esposito. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The monarchs of the mountains.
Fast Men of America; or, Racing with Time from the Cradle to the Grave.
Murders of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.
Hush Money; or, Murder in the Air. A romance of Metropolitan real life.
Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.
Mabelle Unmasked; or the Wickedest Place in the World.
Gotham by Gaslight; or After Dark in Palace and Hovel.
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.
Boycotting. Ayring Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles.
Crooked Life in New York. Sketches of Criminal Life in New York.
"Police Gazette" Annual. A book of Wit, Humor and Sensation.
Female Sharpers. Their Haunts and Habits, Their Wiles and Vices.
Suicide's Cranks, or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.
Murdered by Lust; or How Jennie Cramer Lost Her Life.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.
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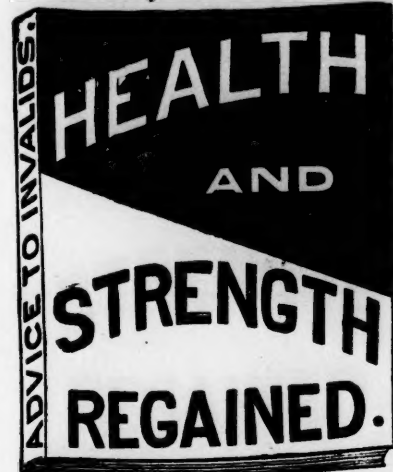
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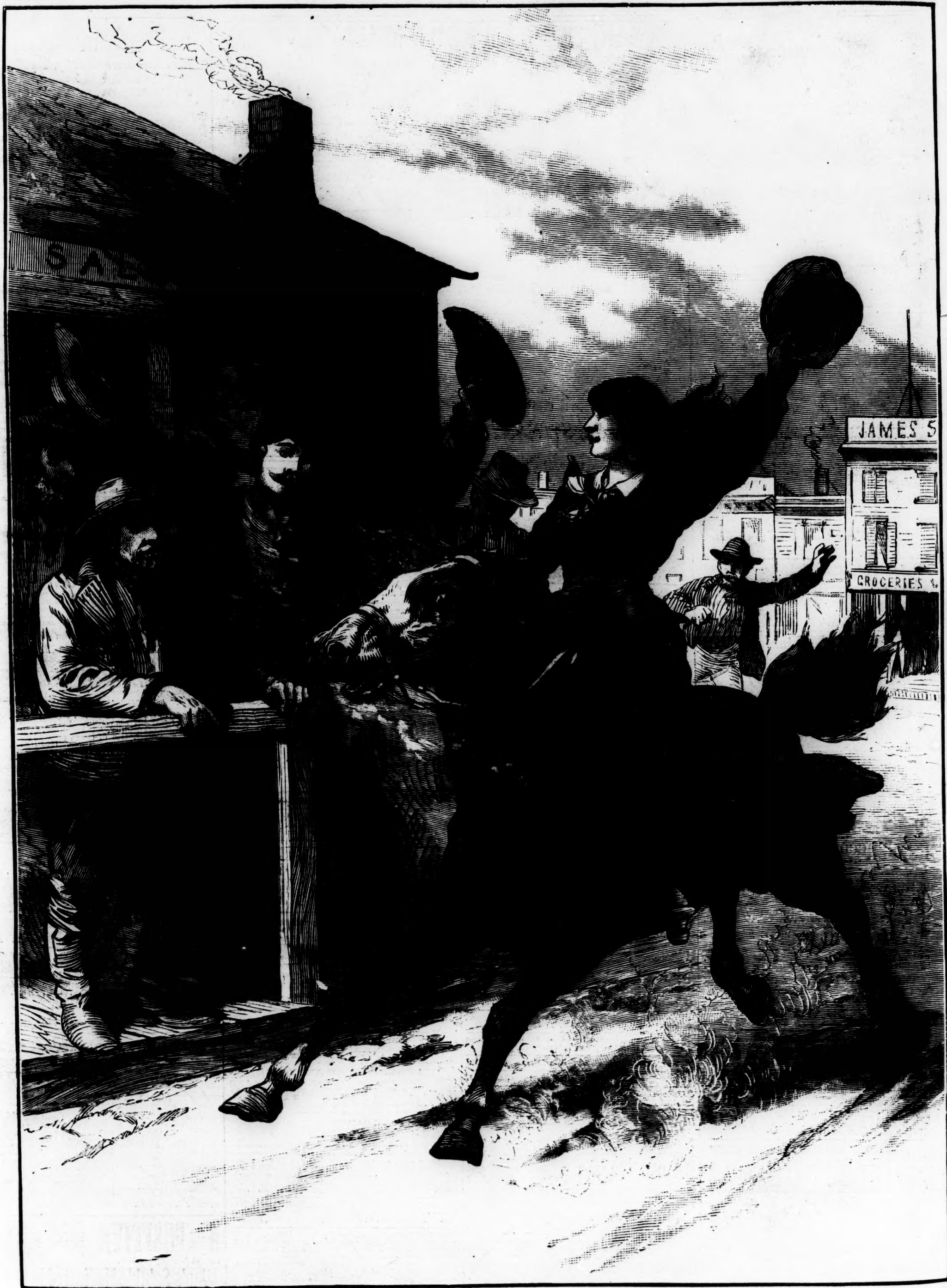
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